British Dilemma: Turkish Delight *by Alter Brody*

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS

October 17, 1939

The War in Washington

A Political Guide by Adam Lapin

Europe's Forgotten Men

by Sasha Small

A Short Story

by Albert Maltz

Here Lies Stolberg

by Henry Zon

"So They Say"

A Department of Press Review

CARTOONS BY GROPPER, MISCHA RICHTER, COLIN ALLEN

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Between Ourselves

THIS magazine has been banned in Canada by the commissioner of customs, under a regulation whose character we are not able to learn. A Canadian reader makes the following comment on the action: "Of course, it is not surprising. Our so-called 'liberal' government has long since forfeited any claim to 'liberalism.' We are in a 'state of war' in Canada, according to the *Canada Gazette*. In times of war, as you know, the 'black and tan' point of view prevails over traditional civil liberties. NM is more sought after here than ever before. I do hope therefore that a concerted effort be made to defeat the b——ds who are responsible for this Hitler-like action of banning."

Another Canadian reader, with a subscription that has almost a year to run, has written us asking that the sub be transferred to someone in the United States.

Our mailbag empties more interesting letters every day. A California woman sends a subscription check and a request for back copies and says, "I am going to tell you why I am taking this sudden interest in your magazine. As a subscriber to the *Nation* and *New Republic*, I read about your so-called predicament regarding the German-Russian Non-Aggression Pact. In curiosity I bought your September 5 issue, read every word, and became so enchanted with you I bought the September 12 number. Devoured that and am hungry for more."

From Connecticut: "I've always esteemed the magazine, but now with things moving so fast in the world, I could not do without it. The last few issues are superb! I read through a copy of *Esquire* last week and if that rag is worth 50 cents NM is worth $10—but please don't raise your price."

From Rocky River, Ohio: "I am sending you $1 to renew my subscription. Alter Brody's articles alone are worth more than that. NM is a beacon of light in the journalistic desert."

From Manhattan: "Here's one vote for Elizabeth Gurley Flynn's story [on Ben Gitlow] in your October 10 issue. Your magazine deserves to live."

NEW MASSES Forums announces the following speakers' dates for October: A. B. Magil on the International Situation, Sunday the 15th at 8 p.m., in Washington, D. C.; Harry Gannes on the Role of the Soviet Union Today, Sunday the 15th, at 8 p.m., the IWO Community Center, Cleveland and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., sponsored by the Young Communist League. Mike Gold has several discussions of the imperialist war—Friday the 13th at 8 p.m., at Mercantile Hall, 1420 Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa., on Sunday the 15th, at 8:30 p.m., at the Workers Cooperative Library, 2700 Bronx Park East, Bronx, New York; Friday the 20th, at 8:30, Mike speaks for IWO Lodge 736 at 40 East 7th St. On Sunday the 22nd, he speaks in Washington at 8 p.m., and on Friday the 27th, at a lecture and movie in Washington Heights.

The exhibition at the Fifth Floor Galleries of the Brooklyn Museum of the work of A. Walkowitz, whose drawings have appeared in the *Masses* and NM, has been extended to November 15.

Lucien Zacharoff, Jean Starr Untermeyer, Lester Cohen, Myra Page, and Barrie Stavis are among the instructors at the current session of the Writers School, established by the New York chapter of the League of American Writers. Courses include the Short Story, Novel, Verse, Plays, Radio, Journalism, and other mediums of expression. The school opened October 9 and will continue until December 15, with classes held once a week. Inquiries should be addressed to Nan Golden, school secretary, at 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

NM contributor Norman Macleod has been appointed director of the newly established Poetry Center at the Young Men's Hebrew Association, New York City. Beginning October 16, courses in the writing and understanding of poetry will be offered at the center, for a nominal tuition. Distinguished poets will read from their own work.

Talbot

Albert Maltz

Early in 1935 NM published a story which attracted more attention than has been accorded almost any short story printed here or abroad. That story was Albert Maltz' "Man on a Road," which later played an important part in a congressional investigation of silicosis. It was reprinted in short story anthologies, in the German and French editions of "International Literature," and in labor and trade papers of the United States, Canada, and England. Maltz, whose other work has appeared in numerous periodicals and anthologies, won the O. Henry Memorial Award for the best short story of 1938 and was included in the O'Brien collection of that year. He is the author of a book of short stories, "The Way Things Are," and three of his plays—"Peace on Earth," "Black Pit," and "Private Hicks"—have been produced.

Who's Who

ADAM LAPIN is Washington correspondent for the *Daily Worker*. . . . Alter Brody, whose articles analyzing the situation in Eastern Europe have appeared regularly in NM since the outbreak of the Second Imperialist War, is well known as an author and contributor to American periodicals. . . . Henry Zon is head of the Federated Press Bureau in Washington. . . . Sasha Small, who recently returned from Europe, is connected with the International Labor Defense. . . . Helen Hosmer is secretary of the Simon J. Lubin Society and editor of the California *Rural Observer*. . . . Francis Bartlett is the author of *Sigmund Freud*.

Flashbacks

HERE'S something for Daladier to think about as he lies awake nights trying to cook up good excuses for continuing the war: Marie Antoinette, queen of France, was guillotined in the French Revolution, Oct. 16, 1793. Two years earlier the Jacobin Club, left-wing revolutionary organization, opened its sessions to all workers (Oct. 14, 1791). . . . And so that Chamberlain may also have something worthwhile to think over, we remind him: (1) that on Oct. 15, 1651, Charles II of England fled to France after the defeat of his troops by the revolutionary forces of Oliver Cromwell, (2) that the Irish don't love England any more than they did when on Oct. 14, 1843, Daniel O'Connell was arrested for agitating for Irish freedom.

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NEW MASSES

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DANGER

WHENEVER we have faced danger we have come to you who made this magazine and who own it.

We are in great danger today. Congressman Martin Dies is determined to silence the voice of NEW MASSES. The shape of his program is as sharp and as sinister as the swastika: it is to destroy progressivism so that reaction can succeed in fettering the nation. Then the warmakers can have their holiday and democracy will be a tradition one speaks of in shuttered rooms.

We work in the fiercest times since the magazine was established. Abroad, imperialist war has broken out. At home, reaction rushes to its conclusions. Now is the time for NEW MASSES to grow, to be brought to the folk in all reaches of the land. You have aided us in that. In the past six weeks you have spread the magazine, sent in more subscriptions, brought the paper to more readers than ever before. But more, much more, must be done.

Congressman Dies and his allies have one more ally in this assault upon free speech and free press. That is, financial suppression. Progressive newspapers, magazines of the people, have always suffered this handicap: we are boycotted by the wealthy advertisers who support the commercial press.

Today we face financial suppression. Your support in our drive earlier this year enabled us to tide the summer slump when income goes down to a minimum and a magazine such as ours exists by loans. Those loans are now due. In addition, paper costs have shot to war prices: we have had to use cables and they are expensive, as you know. Though our circulation has gone up in this war period, the piling up of loans, plus the unavoidable deficit incurred over a period of years, threatens to strangle us. Increased print orders mean increased costs—unless advertising increases too. The nature of our magazine is such that the overwhelming majority of commercial concerns will not advertise here. Hence that financial bugaboo that threatens us. But we know that you will not permit our creditors to do what Dies wishes to be done. We know that if we explain matters to you, you will fight financial, as well as political, suppression.

We need $7,000 immediately to pay our debts, to pay the printer, and ensure the next delivery of paper. We need that in order to continue fighting Dies and to continue fighting to keep our nation out of Chamberlain's and Hitler's war.

NEW MASSES is a lighthouse in the political storm. You will not let that light go out.

Use the coupon on page 30. Can we hear from you by return mail?

The Editors

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The War in Washington

Adam Lapin charts the political waterfalls and eddies that swirl about the embargo fight, the Dies Red-hunt, and the new war plans.

Washington.

A YEAR ago our acid-tongued secretary of the interior was hurling "zany" and other assorted epithets at a certain congressman from Orange, Tex. The President asked to be excused from extemporaneous comment on the subject of Martin Dies, and issued a formal statement in which he described the activities of this most spectacular of congressional witch-hunters as "un-American." How much more explosive his spontaneous opinion would have been will never be known. In a thousand ways, lesser New Deal officials tried to show their disapproval of the Dies committee.

Martin Dies remains what he has always been, only more so. He is today more brazen, more dangerous. And Secretary Ickes remains by far the most forthright and courageous member of the Cabinet. Yet he has had nothing to say in recent weeks about palpable invasions of civil liberties by Representative Dies. President Roosevelt has maintained an unbroken silence. The lesser lights of the administration are no longer so anxious to offend the garrulous gentleman from Texas.

That is a straw in the wind. It is one of the reasons why progressive congressmen and officers of many of the labor organizations here are uneasy and alarmed.

DRIFT TOWARD WAR

By this time the winds which blow up and down Pennsylvania Avenue between Capitol Hill and the White House have tossed up a number of straws which seem to point in the same direction. A drift toward our involvement in war has begun. "Drift" is perhaps the wrong word because there are definite propelling forces.

Everything in Washington is in a state of flux. The situation is extremely fluid. The lineup on the embargo, say, is vastly different from what it was at the beginning of August when the regular session adjourned. And it would be foolhardy to attempt definite predictions in the field of national politics now. But it would be even more foolhardy to ignore the symptoms of change, the emergence of new problems and new dangers.

The imperialist war in Europe is the new and constantly shifting center of gravity. If the war continues, there will be more sweeping changes in the array of forces. Demands for our direct participation will grow louder. The hysteria against those who resist will be intensified. Democratic rights and the advances made under the New Deal will be seriously menaced. Many fair-weather friends of progress will desert the ranks, and devote themselves to playing intoxicating tunes on the war drums.

If we start with the premise that it is essential to preserve the peace and democracy of the United States, this much can be said with certainty: We have nothing to gain from a continuation of the war, and everything to lose.

THE EMBARGO

Both the foes and the proponents of repealing the embargo contend that their solution will keep us out of war. Both sides are probably wrong. The embargo of itself will neither get us into war nor keep us out.

War credits, profiteering, the growth of a war economy, the strength of the labor movement, the state of civil liberties, the development of war hysteria, the size and character of the anti-war forces—these are all factors that seem to have more long-term importance than the embargo as such. The embargo issue has been cut too thin. It has been narrowed down to the point where it has lost much of its importance.

Obviously, the lineup is still confused and unclear. Reactionaries are conspicuous on both sides of the fence. The Southern tories in Congress have suddenly affirmed their loyalty to the President. Opposing repeal are such glittering ornaments of reaction as the friend of the auto kings, Arthur Vandenberg, and the patron saint of the Associated Farmers, Hiram Johnson. The progressive camp, too, is badly split. Every trade union convention of the last few weeks has shown sweeping differences of opinion.

But certain general trends do appear as the smoke from the congressional big guns clears away. While it would be inaccurate to say that all who favor repeal are for abandonment of American neutrality, an increasingly distinct war party has attached itself to the repeal camp. Even that gentle and liberal philosopher Sen. Elbert D. Thomas of Utah has dismissed neutrality as a myth and suggested that, "It would be better to take sides and fight." Senators who showed little sensitivity when Spain fell a victim to German planes and Italian legions or when Czechoslovakia was carved up at the conference table thunder against aggression now. The eternal wisdom of the Congress which voted us into war in 1917 has been repeatedly praised on the Senate floor.

WALL STREET WANTS REPEAL

The most substantial sections of American finance capital, never before known for their devotion to the cause of small and defenseless nations, are now for repeal. From the House of Morgan down, Wall Street is against the arms embargo. There are some dissenters in the camp of big business, of course. If Tom Girdler has for once arrayed himself with big steel, Ernest Weir is still a holdout and opposes repeal. In a brilliant publicity move, the miscellaneous du Pont boys have said for publication that they oppose the export of implements of death. But these are exceptions.

Wall Street is enthusiastically for repeal, and even more enthusiastically for Chamberlain. Its immediate interests are too closely tied in with British and French imperialism to permit the defeat of the Allies. They consider Chamberlain the most reliable mainstay of world capitalism, and hope that even the Roosevelt administration will behave in a time of crisis as a capitalist government should. If the situation becomes grave enough, they will push far beyond repeal. It is significant that the bill providing for repeal of the embargo also grants ninety days' credits—not exactly the cash-and-carry proposition that was first talked about.

The great newspapers of the country have remained loyal to the British empire through thick and thin. The New York *Times* counsels Chamberlain in its editorial pages to disregard peace proposals, and to fight on to the bitter end. The *Times* joined with the New York *Herald Tribune* and the *Wall Street Journal* in sounding off salvos of praise for the hysterical war resolution adopted by the American Labor Party. In the State Department, the career boys who were always strong for Chamberlain are now licking their chops in anticipation of our entry into the war.

DOMESTIC IMPLICATIONS

Repeal, of itself, will not plunge us into war. But repeal is fast being made part of a larger program. And that program is not confined to foreign policy. The new slogan of national unity has deep significance in terms of domestic policy as well. That is one of the most disturbing things about the big happy family that is being formed around the repeal issue.

Many of the Republican bigwigs, even those who support repeal like Alf Landon, are so anxious to embarrass the President that they are unable to take the long view and forego their little pot shots. But within the Democratic Party the internecine feud has at least been temporarily halted. The Southern tories are rallying around the administration. And Jim Farley has made his peace with the President.

There have been no signs, however, of new and wholesale conversions to the New Deal. If the reactionaries are jumping on the administration bandwagon, it is because they hope to change its course. Should they succeed they will win a double victory. The extent to which they can shelve New Deal reforms, drive a wedge between the President and

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labor, and weaken the progressive movement will in large measure determine the speed with which they can drive the country into war.

If the New Deal housing and work relief programs, for example, can be slashed, our dependence on a war boom and on a war economy will increase. If the Wagner act is emasculated, the resistance of labor not only to wage cuts but also to war will be undermined. Domestic reforms which were important before become doubly so because they are also barriers to war.

So far during the special session the struggle around New Deal reforms has gone on behind the scenes. But it has gone on without interruption. Neither side has gained a decisive advantage as yet. The appointment of a War Resources Board, which was in fact a subsidiary of the House of Morgan, was of course an ominous concession to big business and to Louis Johnson and the other brass hats in the War Department. On the other hand, pressure from organized labor and from many influential New Dealers brought the announcement that the board would be quickly dissolved.

MR. LEISERSON

Within the NLRB, a disturbing situation has been developing. William Leiserson, the new member of the board, has not only been issuing opinions on important cases which seriously undermine industrial unionism, but he has also initiated a purge against members of the staff who are alleged to be either too radical or too friendly to the CIO. The trouble is that Leiserson has been proclaiming himself a direct representative of the White House carrying out the express wishes of the President. Of course the truth of these assertions has by no means been clearly established. In the meantime, Leiserson is helping to demoralize the board and to strengthen its foes at a critical time.

But by far the most immediate threat to the New Deal and to the whole progressive movement comes from the loudmouthed congressman from Texas. At first it seemed as if a war in Europe might tend to drown the static of the Dies committee. But the agile congressman has been able to ride the whirlwind. He postpones his hearings when there are big developments in Europe or when interest in the World Series is keenest, and on the whole continues to make the headlines. A few short weeks ago he warned against British and French propaganda designed to get us into war. He has now dropped this line of goods. Those who warn against British imperialism now that war has broken out are alien agents.

He is now openly demanding that the Communist Party be outlawed. To show his impartiality, Dies has thrown in the German-American Bund, but has scrupulously avoided tangling with the really important fascist groups such as the Coughlinites. Without a search warrant or legal justification, he raided the local headquarters of the American League for Peace and Democracy in Washington and seized its records. He staged similar raids on the American League in Chicago, and on the Communist Party here and in Chicago. These raids didn't net him any spectacular evidence, but they did serve to create the atmosphere for similar raids by local police officials.

THREAT TO THE NEW DEAL

If Dies succeeds in his drive against the Communist Party, it will be a sweeping triumph for war propaganda. The Communist Party is a pretty small organization as parties go, but to outlaw it would have enormous implications. The war drums would then begin to beat in earnest. The Palmer Red raids would be duplicated, and perhaps improved on. Every liberal or New Dealer would be suspected of being a secret member of the outlawed party. Demoralization and panic would set in among the progressive forces, at least for a long enough period to permit a reactionary victory in 1940.

That is what is disturbing about the silence of New Deal officials. It is a portent of retreat at a time when retreat is disastrous. They have chosen to ignore the patent evidence that if Dies is genuinely successful they will be swept into the discard along with the despised Communists. As a matter of fact, signs have not been lacking that some New Deal officials are not above encouraging a little Red hunt so as to be able to proclaim their own purity.

Worst of all, the actual head of the government's drive against spies and alleged domestic enemies is J. Edgar Hoover. More than once Cabinet members who submitted lists of suggested appointees to the Department of Justice for checking as to possible criminal records were startled to find such notations from Hoover as "well known Communist" or "well known Red." Hoover was the special assistant to A. Mitchell Palmer during the Red hunt of 1920, in charge of the so-called anarchist cases. If anything he was even more ruthless and brutal than his chief, who got all the glory. Today he sees a chance to take the credit himself.

OPPONENTS OF WAR

These are some of the danger signals in the Washington situation, and they are worth worrying about. But a pessimistic point of view would be unjustified. There have been voices of sanity. There has been opposition to all attempts to militarize our economy as a step toward war.

Within the framework of his general sympathy for England and France, the President himself has been far more restrained than some of his spokesmen in Congress and some of his aides. He told members of the House liberal bloc who visited him that he was against taking up issues other than neutrality revision at the special session because he feared that New Deal social reforms would be swept away in the war hysteria. He told them, too, that he had strongly opposed plans of the British to appoint the House of Morgan and of the French to appoint the Chase National Bank as their agents here.

As usual, John L. Lewis has taken a courageous and realistic position. He has maintained that labor can take no sides as between the belligerents, and has nothing to gain from participation in the war. This is the position which he has again proclaimed from the platform of the CIO convention in San Francisco.

Officials like Secretary Ickes and Solicitor General Jackson were gravely disturbed by the appointment of the War Resources Board. Colonel Harrington and his aides at WPA have warned in public speeches against scrapping WPA and relying on a war boom to absorb the unemployed. The House liberal bloc led by Rep. John Coffee has spoken up in favor of maintaining the Bill of Rights and curbing war profiteers; in general this bloc appears to have the potentialities of becoming a more important factor than it was at the last session.

In the labor movement, in Congress, and in the administration there will be opposition to our involvement in war. As it receives support from the country, that resistance will become bolder and more stubborn. The fact remains, however, that there will be no real safety either for our peace or our democracy until the war in Europe ends.

When William Z. Foster appeared before the Dies committee recently, he answered taunts against the Soviet Union with the calm prediction that the United States and the Soviet Union would dictate the peace terms of the war in Europe. Since that time suggestions that the United States enter the war situation as a mediator have begun to arouse genuine interest in Washington. Foster's statement may yet turn out to be prophetic. In any event, it is a goal worth working for.

ADAM LAPIN.

Industrialist's Prayer

Oh, God, make all men feel that they are suffering from the lack of my commodity. Let them not *really* need it, since I would be uncharitable in asking that. Let them just *think* they need it —and let them think this very, very hard. And let them get the money somehow to buy it.

Not from the government, since that would increase my taxes. Not from higher wages, since that would increase my costs. And not as manna from Heaven, since that would cause inflation.

All that I ask of Thee—oh, God—is just one more miracle, that capitalism shall not perish from the earth.

KENNETH BURKE.

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British Dilemma: Turkish Delight

Fifty miles from the Turkish border lies Mosul, Britain's oil cache. Britain is seeking Turkish friendship. What ransom should Britain offer Turkey? Only one guess allowed.

THAT Turkey is the key to the Balkans is a well known truism familiar even to certain illiterate radio commentators. But a too literal interpretation of the metaphor leads them off the track. For geographic keys, unlike the handle-shank-and-bit products of the locksmith's ingenuity, often have bits at either end of the shank. Two opposite bits fitting two opposite keyholes. Turkey is just such a key. At one end of the Turkish key is a bit that opens and closes the Balkan lock. At the other end of the Turkish key is a bit that fits even more snugly into the Near East keyhole. It is this end of the key that the oracles of the ether have never taken into consideration, and it is in this keyhole that the key is most likely to be turned.

For months feverish negotiations have been going on between the Anglo-French bloc and the Turks and between the Russians and the Turks. The negotiations at the Kremlin are, of course, to use a phrase very much in vogue now, "shrouded in a veil of Asiatic mystery." But the negotiations at London are merely shrouded in London fog—plus the broadcloth veil of British propaganda. There have been columns of erudite discussions reminding Turkey of her traditional interest in the Balkans and the Black Sea. There has been the usual *responsa* about the Dardanelles, the Bosporus and Constantinople—and occasionally a more realistic note, mentioning Turkey's concern over fascist Italy's threatening position in the Dodecanese Islands off the coast of Asia Minor.

UNMENTIONABLE WORD

But there was one word that was never allowed to creep into the newspaper and radio dispatches and comments on the Anglo-French-Turkish negotiations—though it was the most ubiquitous word in the minds of the negotiators, if not on their tongues. A dirty word but, like all dirty words, connoting vital functional relations. A smelly word, smelling of a liquid as important to the alimentary system of industry as fats are to the human alimentary system—now you know it: oil. I do not know the Turkish word for oil but I should not be surprised if in Turkish, oil and Mosul—a certain district in northern British-controlled Iraq—are synonymous. Thereby hangs a tale.

As a penalty for not being on the winning side during the first imperialist war, Turkey, by the Treaty of Sevres, 1920, was shorn of half its vast territory and one-third of its population. Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, Mosul, Hedjaz and Yemen in Asia, and practically all their territory in Europe were surrendered by the Turks. In addition the Dardanelles were "demilitarized," that is, they were occupied and garrisoned by the Allied fleet and an Allied Straits Commission was installed as the de facto authorities in Constantinople. A puppet government that was about as independent as the Japanese puppet governments in China was allowed to rule at Constantinople.

GREEK INVASION

But the Allied champions of self-determination had still other plans for Turkey. The plans were to occupy the Anatolian torso which was left of Turkey after the Thracian, Syria-Palestinian, Mesopotamian, and Hedjaz-Yemen limbs had been hacked off, and divide it into spheres of influence among Britain, France, and Italy. In 1920 the temper of the British, French, and Italian people was such that it was impossible to incite them to shed their blood in another imperialist war in Anatolia. The Allies therefore had to fall back on the technique they followed in their Russian intervention. Just as in 1920 they tried to use Poland as a weapon with which to crush the young Soviet republic, so in 1921 they inflated the Venezelos regime of Greece with fantasies about reviving the Byzantine empire, and goaded it into an invasion of Anatolia. The Greek invasion united the Turkish people in 1921 as the Polish invasion of the Ukraine and White Russia united the Russian people in 1920. Under the leadership of Gen. Mustapha Kemal, a veteran of the World War, a provisional government was organized in Ankara in the interior of Anatolia which repudiated the concessions of the puppet regime in Constantinople. That same year the leaders of the new Turkey drew up a statement of aims known in Turkish history as the National Pact, which stressed the following: "All Turkish territories inhabited by non-Arabic peoples are inviolable parts of Turkey. All Turkish territories inhabited by Arabic people are to be given self-determination."

AID FROM THE SOVIETS

Help for the struggling new Turkey came from an unexpected quarter. Their traditional Russian foe, now a free confederation of socialist nations, recognized the Ankara government in 1921, and soon arms, munitions, and military advisers were flowing from the Soviet Union to help the Turks in their War of Independence. The Soviet Union, which had just ejected British imperialism from the Baku oil district, did not relish the idea of having it bob up as a neighbor in Turkey.

The invading Greeks met the same fate in Anatolia that the invading Poles met in Russia. After penetrating deep into Anatolia the Greek army was crushed by a Turkish counter-offensive and by the beginning of 1923 the Greek government was compelled to sue for peace. Peace, however, was not up to the Greek government but to the Anglo-French employers of the Greek trigger men. At the Lausanne Conference, the Allies gave up all claims to Anatolia, canceled the famous Capitulations (extraterritorial rights of their citizens in Turkey), and returned eastern Thrace, including the Dardanelles and Constantinople, to Turkey. Turkey, however, was forbidden to fortify the Straits and the question of Mosul, a disputed district in northern Mesopotamia that had been forcibly occupied by British troops during the Greco-Turkish war, was left to a decision of the Anglo-French-dominated League of Nations.

Mosul, the northern part of what is now Iraq, is inhabited by the Kurds, a mixed Turko-Persian people, native to a region partly in Turkey and partly in Persia. The Turks were willing to relinquish their claims to the Arabic-speaking provinces that had been torn away from them by the Allies. But by the terms of the sacred National Pact, which was the Turkish Declaration of Independence, they were committed to the principle that all the non-Arabic territories of Turkey were inviolably Turkish. Britain had no special interest in Kurdish independence and certainly Kurdish independence was not served by making Kurdish upper Mesopotamia part of Arabic lower Mesopotamia. But unfortunately for Turkish national aspirations, the Kurdish Mosul district happened to be one of the richest oil districts in Asia. The League of Nations showed a sympathetic understanding of Britain's incurable fondness for oil and on Dec. 16, 1925, awarded the Mosul district to British-mandated Iraq.

"MOSUL IS TURKISH"

Turkey refused to accept the League's decision as binding on her. "Mosul is Turkish," declared Kemal, "and nothing can ever change that fact. We want the whole of the former *vilayet* of Mosul on both sides of the Tigris, and mandate or no mandate, we will not abandon that view." The Russian reaction was prompt. The day after the League's decision was announced, Soviet Foreign Commissar Chicherin signed what was very close to a Mutual Assistance Pact with Turkey.

Both the Turks and the British mobilized for war and for six months there was a dangerous tension on the Iraq border. Finally, on June 5, 1926, the Turks backed down and accepted a compromise giving them "10 percent of the royalties received from Mosul oil for twenty-five years."

But the Turks have never forgotten, nor are they likely to forget, Mosul. Their friendship with the Soviet Union rests on the profound gratitude of the Turkish people for aid in a very critical period. But the flirtations that Turkish diplomacy from time to time

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indulges in with British diplomacy, rest merely on the hope of balancing the British imperialist menace against the French and Italian menace and, since 1933, the menace of Nazi Germany. Turkey has not forgotten Mosul. On the contrary. The new, rearmed, industrialized Turkey, which with Soviet technical assistance and financial aid has just completed its first "five year plan," has probably a much wider political horizon than that which satisfied it at the time of the National Pact.

But it is not in the Balkans that Turkish political ambitions lie, though the British are only too anxious to direct them there instead of Mosul. Ethnic, religious, and geographic considerations make unfeasible any Turkish ambitions to regain the old position of the Ottoman empire in the Balkans. There are no such barriers in the Near East. Sooner or later Turkey, as the strongest Islamic power, will attempt to regain its position in the Near East. This means not only Mosul but the whole of Iraq. Not only Iraq but ultimately both Syria and (Zionists, take notice!) Palestine. Britain's haste to have Iraq admitted to the League of Nations in 1932—the only one of her mandates to be thus favored—was simply a form of registering its disputed Mosul real estate with the League of Nation's land office. The British-inspired scheme of a United States of Arabia, originally concocted during the Ethiopian crisis as a barrier against Italy, may some day be revived as a barrier against Turkey.

TURKEY'S GROWING STRENGTH

Turkey's progress on the road to the recovery of her former position in the eastern Mediterannean has kept pace with her growing military and industrial strength based on her "five year plan," which has produced a crop of thousands of new state-controlled, state-financed industrial establishments. In five years Turkey increased her industry from 1,473 plants employing 50,579 workers to 65,245 plants employing 255,855 workers.

The new Turkey registered her first diplomatic victory when Britain, France, and Italy were forced to cancel the provision of the Treaty of Lausanne forbidding Turkey to fortify the Straits. In July 1939 France was forced to return the Sanjak of Alexandretta in northwest Syria to Turkey, a position from which Turkey can now out-flank the French army in Syria.

In view of this obvious drift of Turkish foreign policy, it is all the more remarkable that for months, in all the speculations about the negotiations in London, not a word about Turkey's Near Eastern ambitions has been allowed to penetrate the eyes and ears of the public. On October 5 the first rift in the London fog developed. A London dispatch to the New York *Times* speaks guardedly of a Russian "demand" "that Turkey should disinterest herself in the Balkans and concentrate her activity in the eastern Mediterranean." It remained, however, for the doddering apologist of British imperialism, William Philip Simms, to forget his cues and spill the beans before the innocent readers of the New York *World-Telegram*. Without mentioning that Mosul had been a bone of contention between Turkey and Britain for fourteen years and that the Soviet Union had from the very first backed Turkey's claim to Mosul, Simms says:

> Mosul, opposite the site of the ancient biblical city of Nineveh, where Jonah is reputed to be buried, is in Iraq, rich in oil, which the British pipe out across the Holy Land to the Mediterranean. . . . Moscow, it is said, wishes Turkey to use her influence to make trouble for the British and French in Iraq, Persia, Arabia, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and other Moslem countries. . . . While Turkish-Russian relations have been good of late, Britain and France have likewise enjoyed friendly relations with Turkey. Foreign Minister Saracoglu's visit to Moscow therefore may have vital bearing on the future course of the war.

Here we have it at last—the dirty word, oil. Mosul oil which the British fear may supplant the Straits as the symbol of Turkish foreign policy. Mr. Simms has stumbled on the fact that the Turkey of today is contemporary with Chamberlain and not with Disraeli. He has forgotten, however, that the Russia of Stalin is not the Russia of Alexander II. But modern Turkey is well aware of it.

It must be annoying to British diplomacy to find that despite all its attempts to pry Turkey loose from the Soviet Union, Soviet-Turkish friendship remains the premise of any treaty that Turkey can be persuaded to sign. The profound gratitude of the Turkish nation to the Soviet Union for coming to its rescue at a time when every other nation had deserted it is one of the reasons for this puzzling diplomatic constancy. But in the final analysis, nations are actuated by more material considerations than a profound sense of gratitude. British diplomacy is aware of that fact and is no doubt busy thinking up "more material considerations" to overcome Turkey's queer sense of gratitude to the Soviet Union. Hegemony in the Balkans is probably one of these "considerations." But Turkey will never warm up to the idea of repeating the disastrous role of the Ottoman empire in the Balkans. Its present European perch on the little corner remaining of its Balkan empire does not show up large on the map but it is a snug little position of tremendous strategic strength—ideally defensible from its Asiatic base. This position would in no way be disturbed if the Soviet Union regained Bessarabia, a province illegally seized by Rumania during the Russian Civil War. Turkey's only worry in the Balkans is how to keep Germany out of them and the Black Sea, and in that the Soviet Union can be much more of a help than Britain. The only acceptable thing that Britain is willing to offer Turkey is the help of her fleet against Italian designs on Asia Minor from the Italian bases in the Dodecanese Islands.

WHAT CAN BRITAIN OFFER?

The only "material consideration" that might make Turkey forget its gratitude to the Soviet Union is Mosul, which means, sooner or later, all of Iraq and ultimately Syria and

Darryl Frederick

OIL. *Turkey's ambitions point at Iraq's Mosul region, rich in oil. The precious mineral is piped to the Mediterranean through France's Syria and Britain's Palestine. All three lands, Iraq, Syria, and Palestine, are in the line of a stronger Turkey's ultimate expansion back to her former power in the Near East. France and England will find Turkey's price for renouncing her friendship with the Soviet too high.*

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Palestine. Britain might make the supreme sacrifice and offer Turkey the rest of French Syria for an alliance as it previously sacrificed the Alexandretta part of French Syria for that same consideration. But Britannia cannot afford to sacrifice Iraq and Palestine—Iraq because it exported 4,272,000 tons of oil in 1938, and Palestine because it is the strategic safety pin that keeps her imperial drawers up.

The interests of the Soviet Union and Turkey, on the other hand, have no points of serious friction. Both of them are interested in keeping Germany out of the Balkans and the Black Sea. Instead of having any irredentist claims on the Soviet Union, Turkey is aware that the Soviet Union freely ceded the Caucasian province of Kars to the weak, newborn Turkey in 1921, a province that Germany had compelled Russia to cede to Turkey by the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk.

In the coarse language to which the fine phrases of diplomacy reduce themselves, the Soviet Union has nothing that Turkey wants and Turkey wants nothing that is likely to endanger the Soviet Union, despite all the efforts of British diplomacy to stimulate such wants. On the other hand, Britain, France, and Italy—primarily Britain—have the very things that Turkey most covets. Despite all the treaties that Turkey will sign with Britain, Turkey will continue to want Iraq and ultimately Palestine (Jews may find Turkey a more dependable host than Britain), and Britain will be unable to offer it any satisfactory substitute. This is a pathetic dilemma for the British empire but you cannot pick up one-quarter of the world's available real estate with 500,000,000 tenants without running into trouble sooner or later. This pathetic dilemma of the British Empire in the Near East is the Soviet Union's best safeguard against any London-Berlin machinations both in that quarter and in the Balkans.

ALTER BRODY.

Wall Street Cashes In

BUSINESS barometers are going up. The New York *Times* reports a business-activity level of 102 for the week ending September 30, a jump of over ten points since the war began. Steel operations have reached 87½ percent of theoretical capacity.

Nevertheless, Big Business spokesmen are emphasizing caution and reserve in a rather coy way. For one thing there is considerable uncertainty about the continuation of the war. Last Friday, there was almost alarm on the Stock Exchange when Hitler and the Soviet Union both suggested peace in Europe.

There are also grave questions about the financing of Latin American trade. Sumner Welles' speech from Panama last week emphasized the great opportunities for American capitalists to preempt Latin American trade markets of both Germany and Great Britain. But in view of existing default by South American countries on some $1,200,000,000 of dollar bonds, business leaders hesitate to offer private credits. On the other hand, if the government offers credits through the Export-Import Bank as in the case of Brazil and Bolivia a while ago, that might help finance South American trade, but it could not square with tory demands that the government tighten its purse strings in the present crisis.

More than that, it seems clear that smaller business is not sharing in the economic upturn. Purchasing agents report that the "smaller companies dependent on others for their raw materials cannot guarantee future prices while the larger, integrated organizations controlling the production of the basic raw material for their product are in a better position to accept future business at today's prices."

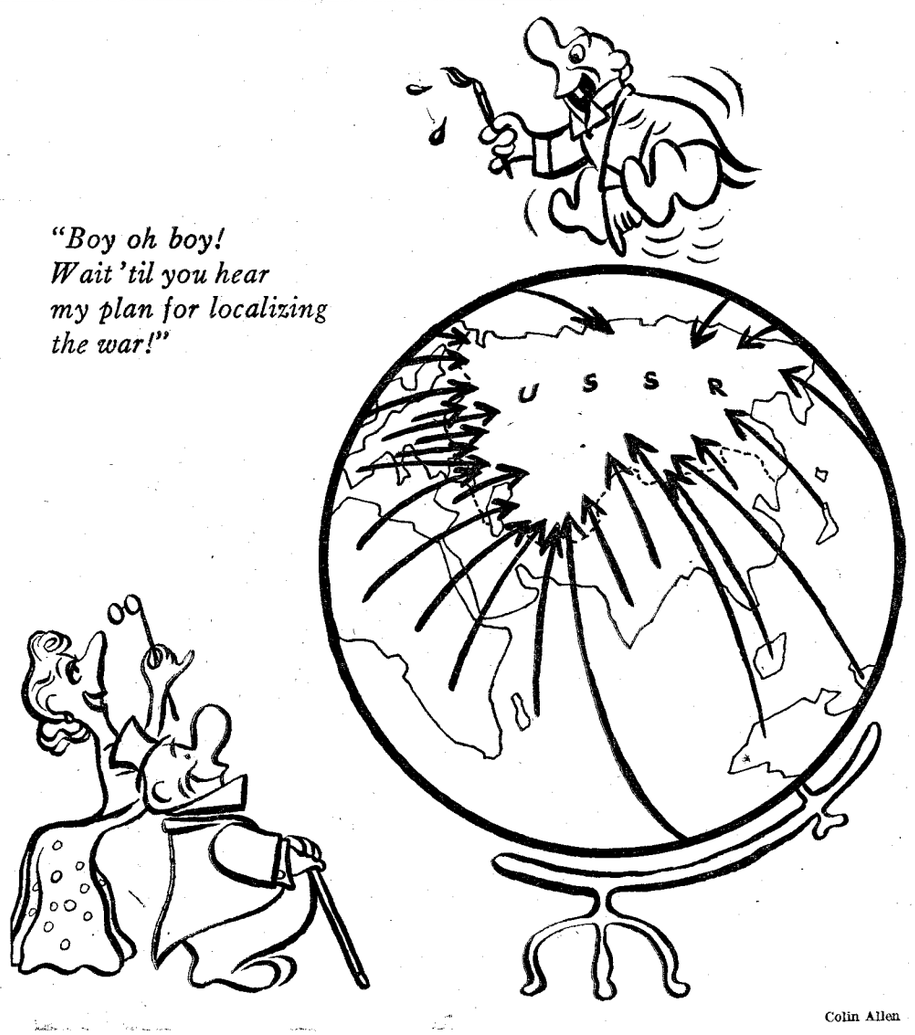
There is also grave doubt about the prospect of substantial reemployment. Colonel Harrington, WPA administrator, warned last week that "Those who indulge in dreams of putting all our unemployed to work on war orders, or on goods to be sold to neutral countries, may well be overshooting the mark."

"I say to business and industry," Harrington challenged, "provide real jobs for those WPA workers and you can have them, and welcome. But do not ask us to dismiss any more because of predicted jobs to come from the European war!"

Big Business, of course, rejects such advice. It is true that the anticipation of war orders has prompted the rather general support of the President's proposal for scrapping the embargo. But there is a deeper and more ominous reason for this: the intention of Big Business to exploit the present moment in order to smash the social gains of labor and wrest governmental control for itself. This strategy was best expressed in the speech of former Under-Secretary of the Treasury Arthur Ballantine, before the Bankers Club in New York. The New York *Times* paraphrased the essence of his remarks as follows: "to take advantage of what is described as sound business improvement in order to bring to a halt the unproductive spending by the government, check deficit financing . . . and make an earnest effort to bring the federal budget into balance."

Meanwhile, Secretary of Commerce Harry Hopkins reports that dividend payments for the first eight months of 1939 were $5,483,000,000, an increase of more than $100,000,000 over the same period last year. Hopkins predicted that dividend rates for the final quarter of 1939 would be higher than even in the first eight months.

Capitalism today operates at a double standard. Economic upturn means higher prices for the workers, that is, actual wage cuts. For the coupon clippers, it means fatter bank balances from stocks and bonds.



"Boy oh boy! Wait 'til you hear my plan for localizing the war!"

Colin Allen

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Europe's Forgotten Men

Political exiles in France, anti-fascist refugees all, are herded into concentration camps as the imperialist war gets underway. What will the Washington Conference bring them?

The conference of the Intergovernmental Committee on Refugees at the White House next month will have as the first point on its agenda the outlining of the entire European refugee problem in the light of the *radically changed* conditions brought about by the war.—New York *Herald Tribune*, Sept. 21, 1939.

"RADICALLY changed"! The week before war was declared, on Sunday, August 26, I sat on the grass under a linden tree listening to a group of young Germans singing. One of the boys had a harmonica and as he lay on his back looking up at the sky, playing a soft accompaniment, he seemed for the moment to have taken himself and all of them back to Nuremberg, or the Black Forest—to a beautiful Sunday afternoon when everything could be forgotten except the stirring words of a worker's song or the lilting tune of "O, Suzanna, das leben ist so schoen."

But it wasn't Nuremberg. It was a scraggly wood on the outskirts of Bonneuil—one of the Communist municipalities surrounding Paris. And it was the "camp" of the Self-Aid Committee for German Political Refugees, literally wrested out of the wilderness by willing hands. It had taken two years to get the ground, clear it, level it, put up tents, and finally—for this summer of 1939—a main "building" housing the central kitchen, hospital, and shelter for young children.

From my tree, you could see only the front of the building, about thirty feet long and nine feet high, except for the "tower." It was painted light brown with cross beams in a darker shade and the tower sported a gay red cock—a little one which couldn't turn around—and under him a window box with three geraniums and two French flags hanging over the sides. "Just like Nuremberg," Anna informed me.

THREE ROOMS

Anna's freckled face was wreathed in smiles as she listened to the singing. She is well over forty, and her shoulders droop with a tiredness that has very evidently accumulated over many years. But she had bared them to the afternoon sun and had become a quite different person from the woman I had met five days back in the refugee kitchen in Paris. She had had very little time to speak to me then because food was being served—the one meal a day made available by the kitchen. The entire premises consisted of three rooms, one of them devoted to the cooking machinery. The other two—filled with rough wooden tables covered with threadbare brown oilcloth and seating six persons each on backless benches—tried by the paintings on the whitewashed walls to distract attention from the ceilings whose plaster was peeled into ribbons. The paintings represented different areas and industries of the homeland, and flanked the wall bulletin boards filled with neatly typed announcements, instructions, and clippings. The most moving exhibit was a hand-lettered handbook on each page of which was a paper model of an easily constructed tent.

Anna came and sat at our table after I had been shown through the cooking department. The facilities are the most primitive and inadequate—the potatoes were steaming in a battered washboiler. In charge of this "apparatus" were an old man of well over sixty and an elderly woman. The old man rubbed his gnarled hands on his apron and, before he said "hello," began apologizing for the appearance of the kitchen. If it was not "American style," he said, that was only because of "finanze." The meal consisted of boiled beef, plenty of potatoes, string beans, and black coffee. Sugar was distributed from a paper box, and most of those present looked at it and then refused to take any. There was bread but no butter.

My eyes wandered from one crowded table to the next. Most of these refugees are young but each face is worn. They talked with great animation and laughed. It was wonderful to hear them laugh. This kitchen—which was two years old—had literally saved their lives. It had provided finally one meal a day for 2,500 political refugees who had previously had to go without even that meager guarantee of subsistence.

REAL ANTI-FASCISTS

This figure of 2,500 includes only Germans. It doesn't include Austrians or Sudetens (of whom France admitted only about twenty in any case) and it does not include the much larger figure of Jewish refugees. But it does include the *real* anti-fascist fighters. As the president of the committee, Siegfried Raedel, emphasized, theirs is a non-partisan organization but its firm prerequisite is that its aid is given only to *"real political refugees and still anti-fascist fighters."*

Raedel, short, stocky, with sandy red hair, was for nine years Reichstag member from Saxony. He was reelected in 1933 to the last real Reichstag in Germany. He remained in the country, after Hitler, until 1935, leading in the underground movement. Anna is his wife. The droop in her shoulders is explained by the fact that she spent three years in a Nazi concentration camp, eight months in Swiss prison when she finally managed to escape, and, she says with an ironical twinkle in her eye, a few weeks in a French jail, so that she has become quite an authority on international prison regime.

Snatches of conversation reached me from other tables. They were almost entirely devoted to the German-Soviet pact. Here there were no doubts, no waverings, no questionings. Here was only jubilation at the fact that Hitler had been forced into a non-aggression pact with the land of socialism—and how they laughed when they said, imagine Goebbels and even the littlest monsters among the Storm Troopers deprived of their main weapon, the anti-Bolshevik war cry. (Raedel called it "die anti-Bolshevistische walze.")

At about 1:20 I noticed some restlessness on all sides. What time was it? Was it 1:30 yet? I looked at Anna, who laughed again. The rules of the kitchen were firmly enforced—no smoking until 1:30 when everybody has eaten! There is a battered alarm clock on the shelf set to go off at exactly 1:30. No one cheats but they all fidget a little—and a tall thin man with the steel gray hair and steel-firm eyes (he was the commander of the Germans in the International Brigade in Spain) says wryly that he is sure the clock is slow and that he intends at once to correct the situation. Finally the rusty alarm went off and the rooms were immediately filled with clouds of blue smoke.

NO MONEY

Raedel (he is also a member of the League of Nations Liaison Committee for German Refugees) was busy settling problems in various corners of the room. Things are bad in the kitchen. All refugees are deprived of the right to work. Ways and means were found for some to work—and they paid 7 francs for their meal. But most of the refugees could pay nothing. The treasury of the committee was very low. They were somewhat worried because they knew they could not count—they would not count—on the French labor movement for much more support because everything must go to the 250,000 Spanish refugees in the concentration camps. They themselves have contributed from their own funds in addition to the funds they help collect for the Spanish victims of fascism.

But they have other expenses—besides the miserable 1,000 francs a month (at present rate of exchange less than $30) that would assure the smooth functioning of the kitchen. It was possible to become "legalized" in France even after entering the country illegally as most of the politicals were forced to do. The real obstacle was the 500 francs it cost. It cost only 460 francs for the precious *carte d'identite* but about six applications had to be filled out, each of which cost at least 5 francs—and it lasted for only two years when it had to be renewed with another 500 francs. It took months—a year and a half in at least one case

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—to get the papers, and the date of expiration was determined by the date of application so that it often meant 1,000 francs in one year for a single refugee.

Then there were health problems. Raedel sighed: just now the problem of a funeral. Bertha died two days ago. She hasn't been buried yet, not only because there isn't enough money for the funeral itself, but not enough to pay the fare of her husband for whom permission had been obtained to leave the concentration camp where he was interned with other German fighters for democracy in Spain.

But, Raedel smiled, we will manage, because you will send us help from America—and you will come on Sunday to our camp. And when he said the word camp his whole face lighted up.

AT BONNEUIL

That's how I came to be sitting under a tree outside Bonneuil listening to German songs on the Sunday before war was declared. Raedel was swimming in the Seine Canal when we arrived. With me was a Czech woman, a refugee herself and, incidentally, the person almost solely responsible for the evacuation of some nine hundred political refugees from Praha after March 15. Raedel begged us to excuse him while he finished his swim. He left to Anna the job of playing hostess, and splashed off with the complete enjoyment of a very young boy.

Anna put her arms around us and led us off. As we entered the clearing a woman—tall, thin, in blue shorts, white sweater, and bright red bandanna—came forward to greet us with a smile that was as warm as the sky. Her right hand was extended in greeting. For a moment the answering smile on my face froze, when Anna said, "This is the wife of Edgar Andre." What does one say to the wife of a Communist leader whose head fell under the Nazi ax? But Mme. Andre did the saying. Had we seen Siegfried? Was he enjoying his swim and did we want coffee? Would we like to see the inside of the main "building"? She was already leading us towards it, stopping a moment to ruffle the hair of a three-year-old boy who got underfoot.

The inside of the building gave away the entire secret of its structure. It was all canvas and beaverboard with amazing slogans standing on their heads—chopped indiscriminately—"Read *Humanite!* Big bargains." Mme. Andre laughed at our obvious but polite bewilderment. All this material was left over from the *Humanite* bazaar last spring; and they had finally been provided with means of erecting the camp's main edifice. The floor was good French earth raked clean. On one wall the bazaar announcements had been whitewashed out to make room for a historic panorama in three panels. The first was headed with a quotation from Thomas Munzer in German. The second quoted the democratic constitution of 1848 and the third was an appeal to unite against fascism, dated 1938.

By the time we got through examining the building a table had been set up under a tree by George, who had just returned from the Spanish veterans' concentration camp; he was about twenty-six, and bronzed, his hair bleached by the sun almost as white as his strong teeth. The table was piled high with white bread, plum jam, and bowls of black coffee. At it was seated an old man in a bathing suit, leaning on a cane. He spoke in clipped, precise, charming English and wanted to speak about nothing but America. There was no political discussion in evidence anywhere. Anna hastened to explain that it was forbidden at the camp, which was a place for rest. The name of the old man was Dr. Hermann Dunker, a leading Marxist Leninist teacher in Germany before Hitler and head of the Marxist Leninist institute there. He wanted to talk about a place called "Vermont," which, he explained to Anna in German, was so named because the mountains are very high and green there. Then he said, you must do one thing when you get back to America and that is arrange at once for the publication of *Sally Bleistift,* the most charming story ever written for children. The woman who wrote it is a refugee in England. She is fifty years old and has finally found work and sustenance as a servant in the home of two ancient English ladies.

By that time Raedel arrived from his swim and as soon as he was dressed we sat under our tree. In a soft voice, so as not to interfere with the singing, he told me about the various people around: That girl (about seventeen, thin, pale, obviously a dynamo of energy) was doing splendid work among the youth. She had gotten across only six months ago. That man, four years in concentration camp. That boy, two and a half years in concentration camp. Suddenly a plane roared overhead. Everybody looked up. Flying over the Paris area had been forbidden a week before. And then two and three and soon squadrons, all flying west. Raedel's bushy brows met in a foreboding frown.

Was there any news in town, he whispered? We told him of the scenes we had met all along the road coming to the camp—peasants leading their horses to be requisitioned and standing around waiting for the soldiers to check them in, patting the animals with affection.

I couldn't see the entrance to the camp grounds from my position on the ground facing Siegfried. But suddenly his face changed color. That's all, just changed color. The singing didn't stop. A group tossing a ball went right ahead with its game. Others who were strolling among the trees continued on their way. I slowly turned my head to see what had happened, and there, through the trees, came eight gendarmes. Everybody by this time had seen them but nothing changed. From the building two young men went out to meet them and took them over to one side. Raedel went on talking, a little more slowly, his eyes glued on the conference. The singers sang on—their eyes glued on the conference. The ballplayers played as vigorously as ever but their heads turned toward the gendarmes. And then the gendarmes went away. Still the discipline remained unbroken and the two young men came over to us. "We must close the camp in two hours." There was no explanation, merely the statement of a fact. All eyes were now directed toward our tree but no one moved. All waited for Raedel. "Tell them," he said, "to begin to get ready." And then he sat in complete silence for a moment. His face had gotten back its color. But his eyes were shining with tears and he said to everyone and to no one in a very low voice: "So this is finished too."

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

It was not until many days later that I learned what was happening to these magnificent people. The younger men were mobilized—into concentration camps. The older men were rounded up in early morning police raids on their miserable homes and taken off to prisons somewhere in France. To this day even their relatives cannot learn where they are. The women and children have evidently been left to shift for themselves—an almost ghastly perspective in present-day France.

Their plight is tragic, certainly. But having seen them face to face, it is impossible to think of them with despair. Nothing short of physical annihilation can crush these people. Nothing can break them. Years in Hitler's concentration camps, years of starvation, years of all the perils and privations that come with devoted service in the anti-fascist underground, have brought a hard leanness to their limbs and faces and deeper lines around their determined eyes. They will continue to keep their banner of freedom flying wherever they are. They will never fail the forces of progress and democracy: We must not fail them.

SASHA SMALL.

Polish Admiral

POLISH official sources offer one of the reasons the Polish people were betrayed by their leaders, in the biographical sketch on Rear Admiral Michael Unrug:

Born in Brandenburg, Prussia; educated in Dresden Naval School; during the World War was an officer in the German Navy. 1918—joined the Polish Navy in the rank of Commander. 1925—Commander of the Polish Navy and her organizer. 1935—advanced to Rear Admiral. 1939—the admiral has been commanding the Polish forces resisting the Germans at the Peninsula of Hel near Gdynia. Rear Admiral Unrug has great knowledge of the entire Danzig area. During the World War he was commander of the German submarine base at Danzig.

How to Win Friends

DALE CARNEGIE, the big bootstrap specialist, is continuing his tour of Japan, and the Japanese occupied areas of China, gathering literary material. Suggested title for the book, *How to Win Dale and Influence America* by the Japanese Propaganda Office.

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Associated Farmers: Sowers of Fascism—II

The lords of the valleys assemble their allies. Company unions and AFL topkicks to the rescue of big business. The campaign against Bridges. Investigations to come.

"CONFERENCES WITH LABOR LEADERS" had been a point in the program of the Imperial Valley whitewash report. Edward Vandeleur, employer-loving secretary of the state Federation of Labor, had been forced to grant several federal union charters to field and shed workers, but his heart was not in it until the Salinas shed workers' lettuce strike in the fall of 1936. Then there was a "conference" and the strike was sold out, the union wrecked.

By now each phase of the industrial-farm operations was developing its own "front." For Salinas it was the Shipper-Growers Association. And in each case Associated Farmers, Inc., played the role of storm troopers, lending credence to the necessary fiction of "the embattled farmers." Hank Strobel, director of Associated Farmers and on the Shipper-Grower payroll at $300 per month, worked hard under the guiding genius of Colonel Sanborn,[1] Raymond Cato of the state highway patrol, Sheriff Abbott and his 2,500 deputies, Hines' Los Angeles "Red squad," Colonel Garrison, chief of Associated.

Field and sheds appeared conquered. But in June 1937 the Agricultural Workers Union of Stockton proffered aid to the unorganized cannery workers, under protection of one of those reluctantly issued federal union charters. When cannery workers voted strike action against recalcitrant employers, field workers came to their aid. This time, front for canners was provided by the Processors & Growers—not a grower among them. And again Associated furnished deputies. For of what use pick handles unless outraged farmers wield them? If demagogy fails there is always the threat of crop contracts to be canceled if strikers win. A good argument. The Stockton cannery strike ended in a turmoil of blood and sell-out, while Hearst's San Francisco *Examiner* printed a full-page ad of the Processors & Growers called "THE AMERICAN WAY," with reprints circulated far and wide by Associated. Vandeleur signed agreements with the canners. Cannery workers found themselves in unions at last—nice, company unions,[2] with the field workers' union destroyed.

Paul St. Sure, negotiating the deal, was attorney for the canners, attorney also for the Red River Lumber Co., instigators of the Westwood terrorism of more recent date. Harrison G. Robinson, labor relations expert for Calpak, was the brains behind the show. Later he was to be farmed out as secretary for the phony Canners Industry Board which in 1938 broke the peach market,[3] smashing prices from $45 to $5 and $6 a ton, wiping out hundreds of small independent competitors, hundreds of growers while Calpak sat back wearing a face of injured innocence when growers demanded a Department of Justice investigation. And on another occasion, when cherry growers struck against Calpak price cuts, Colonel Walter E. Garrison rewarded his Stockton storm troopers by breaking their picket line with the aid of his old pal Sheriff Harvey O'Dell.

ENTER BECK

In September 1937 Dave Beck of the Teamsters Union came down from Oregon. It was time now, high time, to tackle CIO warehousemen united with longshoremen. Another "conference" took place with "labor leaders." Beck tried to split and take over but the scheme didn't work. Loudspeakers on the waterfront explained the simple facts and warehousemen, longshoremen and AFL teamsters fraternized freely while the picket line fizzled. Beck's fiasco assumed comic proportions. He needed an out but where to get it?

> I want to call your attention to one of our most spectacular accomplishments during the year—the settlement of the waterfront blockade that covered San Francisco and was to be extended to other Pacific Coast ports. The fight was between the teamsters and the longshoremen. The blockade had continued for more than four weeks. President Roosevelt had sought to intervene without results; so had Mayor Rossi of San Francisco; so had the Chamber of Commerce. Then the Associated Farmers moved in. Our argument was brief and to the point. We met with a committee of the Teamsters Union showing them the ruinous effect this blockade was having upon the farmers who were not parties to the dispute. We told them we knew there would be no use of appealing to the CIO . . . so we put the matter squarely up to the teamsters. Within three hours the blockade was lifted. [Col. Walter E. Garrison, speaking at the Annual Convention of AF, Dec. 4, 1937.]

The press lent all possible aid to the gag. The Teamsters Union had heeded the heart-rending pleas of the farmers. But in Southern California, truckers, encouraged by Dan Tobin, grew militant and Associated Farmers, led by Hugh Osborne of Imperial Valley, organized the "Farmers Transportation Association," set up a blacklist apparatus, urged "farmers" to hire only through the Association. "The right to move our crops to market." "The Freedom of the Highways Is as Sacred as the Freedom of Speech." Best slogan since Abraham Lincoln, since Jefferson, said the *Pacific Rural Press,* mouthpiece for Associated. But be careful how you use it. Don't mention Teamsters. Who's blocking those highways? Bridges and his waterfront, his goon squads! Makes better copy.

When the United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing & Allied Workers of America, affiliated to the CIO, set up District 2 in California late in the fall of 1937, with offices adjoining those of Harry Bridges, West Coast CIO director, there was pandemonium and hysterics. Field, to shed, to cannery, to warehouse to waterfront. Or vice versa, maybe. Would CIO's "march inland" cripple the attack from the rear! The NLRB had started its probe of the Vandeleur cannery unions, the wreckage of Salinas. The NRLB was a menace. So was industrial unionism. So was Harry Bridges.

In November and December 1937 six[4] unheralded conventions took place, starting with the state Chamber of Commerce, ending with the Associated Farmers, covering all phases of the interlocking industry. And all adopted resolutions, handed down from one convention to the next. Against a unicameral legislature, social security, Wagner act. Against taxes and relief. But most important of all, they resolved upon a new definition of agricultural labor. Agricultural labor, decided the terrified food trust, was to include "any employee engaged in the production of any agricultural commodity, *preparing* it for market or *delivering* it to market," such agricultural labor to be excluded from the provisions of the wages-hours bill, social security, Wagner act. Thus was born the Agricultural Producers Labor Committee, full-blown in 1939 as the Ivan McDaniel food-trust lobby, one of the most expensive lobbies in Washington, D. C., exposed by Elmer F. Andrews, Administrator of the Fair Labor Standards Act, as an Associated Farmer "baby."[5]

The state Chamber of Commerce, through its official organ,[6] keynoted for all the conventions in an article entitled "A United Front for California." "The forces which threaten business stability in California," said the Chamber, "must be met with concerted, aggressive action if business is to survive." The year 1938—election year—was just around the corner.

THINGS BEGIN TO MOVE

From now on the tempo quickened. First, that mass base to be gathered from the rural counties. No more talk about 50,000 members. Paper's no good. Had to make it stick. Emissaries were sent out, organized mass meetings in every one of the forty-three rural counties. Already set up were county units. They had to be broadened, a regular dues-paying system installed, $3 per year. The mass meetings, held usually in the county school house or city hall, were blood-curdling affairs. The same corps of speakers, in the same four-voiced fugue: Communism, Bridges, Freedom of the Highways, Membership. That label — that union label on each bale of hay, each cow, if you don't join. If that failed, there was always the matter of the needed crop loan.

"Glad to see farmers getting together,"

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says a small farmer. "What we need is organization. Will this outfit organize cooperatives? We sure need cooperatives." "Uh—well—yes. Later on. Sure thing. Sign here," says the gentleman in the leather puttees, English imported wool shirt, cowboy hat, his hands and neck lily white.

"Christ, we can't pay anymore wages. Prunes—cent and a half a pound. Can't even pay taxes. What did he call 'em—goon squadrons?"

"If they come walking into my ranch I'll get out my old shotgun. Union label on my cow? Let 'em try it!"

"They say all the highways are blocked near San Francisco. Have to pay tribute to get through. Why don't they deport that damn red alien?"

In Los Angeles, Paul Shoup of Southern Pacific Railroad, about to retire, rolled up his sleeves, organized "Southern Californians, Inc." to meet the threat of unions. Women of the Pacific and Neutral Thousands sprang to life with the aid of Chandler of the L. A. *Times*. Pro-America blossomed. Associated Women of Orange County drew up a program against Communism. Mendocino County passed a brand new ordinance, requiring the licensing of union organizers, sponsored by Associated.[7] There was increasing talk of an Associated Farmers of America, Inc., as units were implemented in Oregon, Washington, Arizona, Montana, and an organizational drive scheduled for Minnesota. Stanley Morse of Farmers Independence Council and Schilling of Hoover's Farm Board came to California, fetched blueprints from the Russ Building. The blueprints proved useless when the Lubin Society sent advance information on Colonel Garrison and Associated to Minnesota, ruining the build-up, spiking the drive. Harper Knowles, Dies' witch hunter, chief Bridges-baiter, became president of Associated in California while Colonel Garrison was promoted to West Coast president.

In San Francisco, the exposed anti-labor Industrial Association was discarded for the new "public opinion" getter, the Committee of Forty-three, promptly made the recipient of a great hue and cry from the hinterland—a threatened "boycott" of San Francisco unless San Francisco would clean house, stop strikes, get rid of Bridges. This from the rear, concocted in the Russ Building, while the streamlined Committee of Forty-three took the problem of the waterfront to the local citizenry. In a few weeks the campaign was on. The "farmers" demanded a showdown, a hearing. They came to town—the entire paid field staff, Philip Bancroft jogging in from his Bancroft Building on Market Street.

EVERYONE "PLAYED BALL"

The impartial Committee of Forty-three heard the complaints. Mayor Rossi, the press, everyone played ball while the comedy was on. Included in the Committee of Forty-three were directors of Miller & Lux, Tyler Island Farms, California Delta Farms, Calpak, Kern County Land Co., Newhall Land & Farming Co., Southern Pacific, Santa Fe, P. G. & E., California Lands, Inc., and the six leading banks.[8]

They did a fade-out when the CIO called their bluff, demanded a Town Hall meeting and told all. But the CIO failed to reach the hinterland and the rural counties were left with the impression that all hell was loose in the big city.

Soon afterwards, when the San Francisco Distributors Association, guided by Almon E. Roth, now head of the new S. F. Employers Council, circulated their "hot" box car, creating a lockout of all warehousemen, Hank Strobel again came to town, this time to offer the services of Salinas strong men to the distributors, the great fight between city and country evidently mended.

By the middle of 1938 Associated Farmers, Inc., had consolidated its stranglehold on local rural government, dominated some 300 of the 600-odd California newspapers, created hysteria in the rural towns against the CIO, against Bridges. It had led the attack against reciprocal trade treaties, against Wallace, against the Farm Security Administration and government relief policies, setting up the California Citizens Association in Kern County to cope with the latter two. It had built a mass base of some 25,000 small farmers and rural townspeople, set up strong organizations in Arizona and Oregon, though it was chased to cover by the NLRB in Washington State. It had purchased Arizona's leading farm journal and Kemper Marley, chief of Arizona's state highway patrol. It had gained complete control of the top leadership in the Farm Bureau, Farmers Union (California chapter), sent fifth columns into some of the Grange locals. It had selected its rural candidates for the 1938 elections and rolled up its sleeves to put over the infamous anti-picketing Initiative to reenforce their local ordinances, and include the strong trade union centers.

Reference

[1] Colonel Sanborn, who, with Harper Knowles, evaded a La Follette Civil Liberties subpoena for weeks, was publisher of the notorious Red-baiting waterfront sheet, the *California Citizen,* self-appointed coordinator for the Salinas strike.

[2] See reports of National Labor Relations Board.

[3] See *Consumers Union,* September 1938, pages 12 and 13 (West Coast supplement).

[4] California Farm Bureau Federation, Fruit Growers & Farmers Convention (held under auspices of Department of Agriculture, Hutchison presiding), Wool Growers Association, Milk Dealers Association, state Chamber and Associated Farmers.

[5] See *Confidential News Service,* published by the Lubin Society, May issue.

[6] *California—Magazine of Pacific Business*—November 1937.

[7] Mendocino County ordinance, requiring the licensing of union organizers, virtually destroys right to organize. Violations of any of the stringent "rules and regulations" is penalized by $500 fine or six months in jail. License renewal every three months. No test cases ever made of ordinance. When passed, copies sent by request to twenty different county units of Associated Farmers.

[8] For complete interlocks of Committee of Forty-three, write to Simon Lubin Society.

[9] *The Legislature Forecloses*—Lubin Society, 25 California Street, San Francisco. *The People Be Damned,* pamphlet by Jack Young, published by *People's World,* San Francisco.

[10] See Chamber of Commerce magazine, *California—Magazine of Pacific Business,* January 1939; 350 Bush Street, San Francisco. Article entitled, "Laboratory of Labor Relations," in which they tip their hand on both the Associated Farmers and the Employers Council.

INTERLOCKING FASCISM

When the smoke of elections had cleared away, they had failed in three respects. They had failed to elect their U. S. senatorial candidate, Philip Bancroft, failed to pass their Initiative, though rolling up nearly a million votes, and failed to defeat Olson and Patterson. But in the 1939 state legislature they were revealed to be the dominant anti-labor, anti-progressive force, storm troopers again for the power trust, food trust, Red-baiters, steering committee for the state senate's baby Dies committee. What is more important, they were steering committee for the destruction of all decent small-farmer legislation,[9] all labor legislation. Through their California contingent they successfully blocked all Congressional migratory-labor legislation, aided and abetted the Dies appropriation. And in the Harry Bridges deportation hearing, they were revealed again as chief aides of the shipowners.

In this, the third stage of their development, they are at last out in the open as agents of finance capital, pure and simple. Though they enter the general arena of interlocking fascism, through connection with the Nazi Bund, Silver Shirts, Knights of the White Camellia, labor spy ring, their policies must of necessity undergo a surface change, to meet the Olson electorate and growing exposure. Gone the pick handle brigade vocabulary, though the technique is still in use. Gone are Harper Knowles, Colonel Garrison. In their place are glib Harold Pomeroy, former SRA administrator under Merriam, Buchmanite G. G. Bennett, thirty-acre citrus grower Holmes Bishop, and a new streamlined "public relations" policy, matched only by San Francisco's new Employers Council.[10]

Will it work? Substantial obstacles to their program loom on the horizon. Despite their propaganda and the most rigid controls, small growers of apricots, raisins, prunes, grapes, having tasted rebellious expression in their

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fight to repeal the vicious Prorate Act, are now going a step further, organizing into independent crop unions for collective bargaining, talking in terms of strike action. Apricot growers negotiated one successful strike with canners this season, were condemned by Associated Farmers. Desperately needed is a militant Farmers Union, possible only if Vince Garrod, holder of the California chapter's charter, is eliminated. Will these crop revolts seek strength through cooperation with organized labor? And will organized labor be on the alert to seize its advantage, extend a helping hand?

LABOR'S GAINS

In the rural counties, Central Labor Councils and Industrial Union Councils, often united, become more and more a force for progress. The Workers Alliance, UCAPAWA locals, both made up increasingly of dispossessed Midwest farmers in the rural counties, are pushing aside the barriers of rural fascism. The ham and egg pension movement, marking Associated Farmers as its arch-enemy along with Big Business, has thousands of rank-and-filers among rural voters. The Lubin Society's *Rural Observer,* now reaching some 14,000 rural people monthly, measures gains in terms of increased mail, increased subscriptions, increased pleas for aid, and increased attacks by Associated Farmers, Inc.

An aroused California citizenry, stimulated by *Factories in the Field* and *Grapes of Wrath,* is in no mood to accept Associated Farmer propaganda without checking facts. Nor will they forget the events of the state legislature. Basically New Deal, as their votes show, they have yet to learn the technique for making their vote cut deep enough.

With the La Follette committee probe of Associated Farmers a matter of weeks off now, Californians wonder if war news will crowd out the effects of the hearings. That must not happen, for nothing is more greatly needed in this state of perpetual sunshine.

HELEN HOSMER.

Buried News

THE war is a welcome opportunity to the press lords for an even worse handling of domestic news. The New York *Times,* which can always squeeze into Section 1 a half-page of Believe-it-or-Not filler from the back files of the London *Times,* recently printed the important annual report of the National Labor Relations Board deep in the Sunday financial section. The report shows a decline of strikes in the first five months of 1939. These months saw only 87 percent of the strikes for the same period in 1938, and well under one half of the strikes in these five months of 1937. The remarkable reduction of strike actions was directly due to the work of the Labor Board, whose monthly average of settlements is now higher than the average of cases received. The number of cases pending has also fallen. Again the NLRB proves with the facts, but the labor-hating editorial pages ignore them.

Here Lies Stolberg

Ben the betrayer laments the passing of the CIO. The "friends of labor" get out their knives.

IN many respects, the *Saturday Evening Post* is a very fine magazine. It is printed in nice black ink on smooth white paper and has a nice cover in colors. It weighs a good deal and can be used to protect the table from hot plates or to hold down a pile of wayward papers. A substantial pile of them will bring a good deal from a not-too-particular junk dealer.

Lately, however, there has been a peculiar smell arising from the issues of the *Saturday Evening Post,* a smell somewhat different from the usual odor of stale love stories and articles in defense of the Associated Farmers, the National Association of Manufacturers and kindred "front" organizations, as the magazine would say. Experts contend that this new stench is the result of the magazine's having become the house organ of alleged ex-radicals and renegades who find it profitable and pleasant to wash their mental dirty linen in public.

THE BAD COMPANIONS

General Krivitsky, Ben Stolberg, and Ray Moley are the most recent of the exhibitionists to parade their sins on the glossy pages of the *Saturday Evening Post.* Each proudly professed his stanch belief in the things he was attacking without scruple and each invited petting as bad boys who had seen the light as it shines through the anointed windows of the *Saturday Evening Post's* editorial office in Philadelphia.

Of the three, perhaps the most ridiculous was Ben Stolberg who took the *Saturday Evening Post's* editors for a ride with a rehash of a series that he did over a year ago for the Scripps-Howard papers. Stolberg bared his chest and his underwear and, in the September 2 issue of the magazine, told all about the "Communist Wreckers in American Labor." His attitude and that of the *Post* was that he loved organized labor and wept at night over the plight of the hoary-handed sons of toil but that the CIO was wicked and disintegrating and the poor workers in steel, coal, autos, textiles, packing plants, coal mines, radio factories, fur shops, newspaper shops, iron mines, shipping, agriculture, and lumber camps were being misled. He, Stolberg, weeps and the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post* weep with him.

Stolberg's *Saturday Evening Post* piece betrays the same strange schizophrenia that his series in the Scripps-Howard papers displayed. He never lets his first paragraph know what his second paragraph is doing. Thus he is able to pretend that the CIO is disintegrating and that its president, John L. Lewis, is "the second public figure in America." If Lewis is heading, as Stolberg alleges, a movement of only 1,250,000 workers which is still on the down grade while Bill Green heads an organization of 3,750,000 members which is shooting up, then Lewis is "the second public figure in America" by dint of some extraordinary power.

That power, furthermore, cannot be Lewis himself for he is a "prisoner of the Communists," according to Stolberg, and Communists are very stupid people who manage by subtle stratagems to destroy everything they touch while exposing their game to clever fellows like Ben Stolberg. Perhaps mirrors would help make this bit of reasoning look better.

Figures of the National Labor Relations Board elections in recent months throw an interesting light on Stolberg's thesis that the CIO is disintegrating because of alleged Communist intrigue and disruption. In 1938 the CIO won 58 percent of 582 elections in which it participated while the AFL was winning 47 percent of the 463 in which it participated. Voting for the CIO in these elections were 108,187 workers while 41,677 workers voted for the AFL.

But maybe it was after that that the CIO started to collapse? In the first quarter of 1939, the CIO won 44 percent of the votes cast while the AFL won only 28 percent. In the second quarter the CIO polled 17,466 votes while winning 67 percent of the 79 elections in which it participated while the federation polled only 11,893 votes in 96 elections of which it won 56 percent.

The latest figures, for July, show that in this month the CIO participated in 34 elections, the AFL in 33, the CIO polling 8,526 votes while the AFL polled only 5,036 votes.

WHAT'S A FACT, ANYWAY?

The answer, says Stolberg in the *Saturday Evening Post,* is that the NLRB is a sort of "holding company" for the CIO while maintaining a judicious attitude, tempered by "discreet sabotage," toward the AFL. The fact that the CIO, in a legal bulletin sent to all its affiliated organizations recently, lambasted hell out of the NLRB for capitulating to the AFL and handing down phony craft decisions presumably would make no difference to Stolberg. Facts present themselves as a nuisance to be avoided as far as possible when it comes to writing articles on labor for the *Saturday Evening Post.*

If you really start scratching around for signs of disintegration in the CIO you are bound to wear your fingernails to the bone. The AFL's Progressive Miners last year proclaimed loudly, in the weekly AFL clipsheet at least, that the United Mine Workers was positively anemic and could be expected to pass to its reward shortly. The union shop agreement which the UMW won at the be-

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ginning of this year, covering some 600,000 workers, has deprived the AFL clipsheet of this weekly feature.

THE PARLOR FINKS

In the auto industry, the AFL announced with glee the chartering of Homer Martin and his camp followers. Lately, since the overwhelming majorities rolled up for the CIO in a number of labor board elections in various auto plants and since the publication of an affidavit by one of Leaping Homer's ex-bodyguards describing how the Rev. Martin received solid cash from Henry Ford and not so solid advice from Charles E. Coughlin, the AFL hasn't been doing much talking about its auto workers' union.

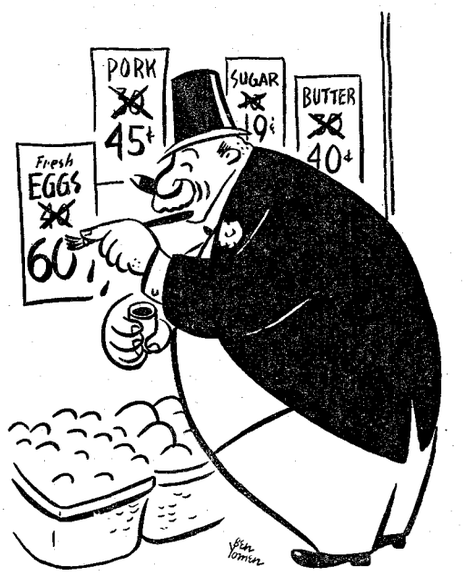
Or take Francis Gorman's desertion from the CIO textile workers union, or Glen McCabe's defection in the Federation of Flat Glass Workers. McCabe has recently been fired by the AFL for not producing, while Gorman's magnificent plans have vanished like a bit of truth in a Stolberg article.

The packinghouse workers' union has agreements with forty independent packers, has won elections in seventeen major plants of Armour & Co., and is now in a strong enough position to force a showdown with the Big Four in the packing industry. The mine, mill and smelter workers have had a continuous string of election victories in fabricating plants in the East, as well as in metal mines throughout the country. The office workers have won national agreements for the first time with a number of insurance companies. The retail employees have forged ahead with new agreements in many cities. The American Newspaper Guild is getting more and better agreements with daily papers. So the story goes, down the line.

But Ben Stolberg says the CIO is disintegrating and all because of the dirty, dirty Reds. Having proved to his own satisfaction that the CIO has practically ceased to exist, finding the Red influence and the Moscow domination of the CIO is a grade school problem for Stolberg.

The decrepit CIO, whose president is "the second public figure in America," is really run by a triumvirate, the *Saturday Evening Post's* Stolberg would have you believe. This Machiavellian trio who actually tell Lewis (who is a dictator) what to do are Lee Pressman, general counsel, John Brophy, national director, and Len De Caux, editor of the *CIO News* and director of publicity. Brophy is pictured as a somnambulist, who follows the party line, De Caux as a person who knows nothing of the labor movement historically or theoretically, and Pressman as the cocktail companion of New Dealers and brains of the whole works. Poor old John L. Lewis is led around by the nose by a somnambulist, a nincompoop, and a "reckless, arrogant" sopper-up of cocktails with New Deal butterflies!

As a matter of sober truth Brophy is as far from being a somnambulist as Stolberg is from being a labor expert. Canny, far-seeing,



Ben Yomen

"C'est la guerre."

he has demonstrated an ability to dope out the probable paths from any given situation which amazes anyone who does not realize the shrewdness that lies behind the soft and sometimes halting brogue of John Brophy. Equally far from the truth is the charge that New Zealand born, Oxford-educated Len De Caux is ignorant of the past or present history of the labor movement. While Stolberg was kicking around Greenwich Village, picking up pennies by sneering in print at his pretended friends, De Caux was knocking around this country, washing dishes, riding freights, working for the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and Federated Press. Labor theory and history are his specialties.

EXIT LOVESTONE AND MARTIN

Pressman is pictured as the chief pipeline between Moscow and John L. Lewis and the chief captor of the CIO leader. The pretty theory is that he sent "Stalinist stooges" into the United Auto Workers and scotched the alleged plans of Sidney Hillman and Philip Murray to "clip the wings" of the "Communist faction." What happened was that the auto workers booted the pants off Stolberg's pals, Jay Lovestone and Homer Martin, and neither Murray nor Hillman had much to do except put the grease on the skids for Homer. The story that Pressman, who is neither arrogant nor reckless nor a "totalitarian by nature," played some deep and sinister role in the simple booting of a phony is as fantastic as the entire Stolberg article.

The bulk of the piece, of course, is devoted to innuendo and weasel words more difficult to dispute. Proving a person is not something is the toughest kind of task, which explains why Stolberg has specialized in recent years in insinuating that people, particularly progressive labor figures, are villains of one description or another. The technique is familiar. "John Jones climbed a tree waving a red flag. Willie Smith also climbed a tree," you say, and if you don't get half of your listeners believing that Willie Smith was waving a red flag even more vigorously than John Jones you are a very poor story teller.

When Ben Stolberg tells the eager readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* that virtually the entire leadership of the CIO is "Stalinist" or "Stalinoid" or "fellow travelers" he is under no burden of proof. The simple fact that such statements are pure fantasy does not dispel the sinister (for *Saturday Evening Post* readers) impeachment. They might recall how badly Stolberg misses when he attempts to use facts, they might recall how Scripps-Howard editors were deluged with letters correcting the errors in the series Stolberg did for their papers, they might wonder how this one-time office boy for the journal of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen ever came to be a labor expert, they might speculate on the veracity of an alleged friend of labor who has misspent his life denouncing every forward step taken by the labor movement, and they might put these things together and wonder how it is possible for anyone to believe a word written under the byline of Ben Stolberg.

For example, when Stolberg says that Communists have prevented unity between the CIO and the AFL he betrays his abysmal ignorance of some very simple truth about the AFL high command. If there were a decimal of truth in the statement the federation's leadership would have shouted it to the skies. Not even they have had the necessary gall.

Good union members are used to "friends" of the Stolberg stripe. They have learned from the La Follette committee how employer hirelings tell them tales about their leadership, tell them their unions are disintegrating and company unions are flourishing, tell them fairy stories about Moscow domination and the fierce Reds. So accustomed are they to the practice that they can even distinguish between those "friends" who have become sycophants of the employers and those who always were sycophants, between those who make their money the hard way and those who make it the easy way by writing articles. The only difference is that Stolberg is better paid.

HENRY ZON.

The Almighty Dollar

ALTHOUGH American money is not legal tender in Shanghai, it is having considerable popularity for speculative prospects. Practically the only source of American currency is the payroll of the U. S. Navy, and the sailor's banknotes are hoarded by speculators for a killing on the slipping Chinese mex and the Japanese yen. Although the desperate Japanese government manages to keep the yen stable in Japan, its real worth is shown in its exchange value against the U. S. dollar in Shanghai, where 15 yen per dollar is now standard. An American quarter is worth $3.88 in Chinese money. An immediate result of the Soviet-German Non-Aggression Pact was the rallying of the Chinese mex.

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The Gentleman and His Son

Albert Maltz contributes a short story of bourgeois family life in America today.

MRS. VIVIAN'S tone remained calm, and her roundish, pretty face, still pretty in spite of her age, retained its usual composure—but underneath she was frightened. "What are you going to do?" she asked. She could see the extent to which pure rage and profound shame, bitterness and terrible anxiety, were all furiously mingled in her husband's emotions. He was, and had been, such a gentle, cordial being, such a truly decent gentleman down to the bottom of his heart, that it made her sick to see him suffer this way. He stood, holding the forged check in his hand, gazing down at it with an agonized, stricken look. His heavy shoulders were bowed, his sturdy body appeared soggy, as though all of the muscles had turned flabby in an instant, his ruddy face had suddenly become mottled, spotted with bluish patches. "Tom, *dear,* you mustn't take it this way," Mrs. Vivian cried suddenly, with great intensity. "I don't care what happens, *you* mustn't be so unhappy about it."

Vivian answered her as though his throat were constricted by something tight, making his voice small and hoarse. "Aren't *you* unhappy, Ann? How can I help being unhappy?"

"Listen, darling," Mrs. Vivian said, "you listen to me!" She stepped up close to him, facing him, peering into his eyes. "I'm going to tell you the truth, whether it sounds becoming or not. Francis is our son; we love him. We've done our best for him and we'll continue." She paused, drawing a deep breath. "But Francis, as a man, isn't worth the nail on your little finger. No, listen to me," she cried passionately. She grasped the lapels of his coat. "He isn't—not to me or to life or to anyone!" She flung her arms around him. "Tom," she said, "Tom, you're the finest man alive! Do you hear that? You're the finest person I've ever known. I'm not going to let you be unhappy!"

Vivian put his head on his wife's shoulder. He raised one hand slowly and pushed back the fold of her dressing gown. Then he pressed his face to the warm flesh of her throat, seeking comfort, expressing gratitude, in a gesture made more intimate for them by its very repetition, and the familiarity of years. They stood like that, quietly, for a full minute. Vivian felt drowsy, almost drugged. He would have liked to lie down on a bed by his wife's side, with his face and eyes pressed to her warm, sweet smelling flesh, and sleep. He remembered the forged check. It awakened him, painfully, with a sense of physical shock. He raised his head. Ann saw again the stricken look, almost animal-like in its pure, abject suffering. She thought: He looks old, suddenly. This strips him down. I wonder how I look? At our age there's no resilience. She took his hand and led him to a chair. She sat down, close to him. "What are you going to do?" she asked for the second time.

"What do you think I should do?"

"I don't know . . . I only think of the obvious things."

"We've been trying them for five years."

"Yes."

"I too . . ." Vivian listened to a bird piping sweetly on the roof outside their bedroom window. He could hear Pet, their fox hound, running way off somewhere on the grounds, baying as though he had struck a fresh rabbit scent. "I'll tell you, Ann," he said musingly, in a flat, unhappy tone, "I'd like to know what a psychiatrist would say about the fuss I'm making. He'd probably call it a low order of self-preservation. Francis has been raising hell, or going to hell, for five years. Now, suddenly, I'm more than worried; I feel as though my whole life were shaking around me. Why? It's too obvious. Now my pride is involved, my reputation in the eyes of my circle."

"But of course," Ann said, "why shouldn't it be that way?"

Vivian thrust his hand through his hair. Where hers had turned gray, his was still jet-black, strong and glistening. "Because it shouldn't," he said. He rose impatiently. "I should be thinking of Francis, not my petty reputation."

"Darling," said Ann gently, in her calm tone, "that's just nonsense."

"Why?" He paused, waiting for her answer.

She smiled. "You're a normal, human being, aren't you? . . . If that isn't enough, you're fifty-six, not ninety. You've got a wife, another son, and an important position in an important world! Now let me ask *you* something: you're thinking of Francis—is he thinking of you?"

"No, by God, he's not!" Vivian exploded. "He isn't—he never has! And by God, he ought to!"

"That's something to know!" Ann remarked quietly.

"But where does it get us?" Vivian asked in that constricted tone again. "Tell me that! He's still our son."

"I don't know where it gets us," Ann replied, "but I think right now the most important thing is to know what we really feel about Francis."

"I can't talk any more," Vivian said. "I've got to see him or I'll burst."

"Do you want me to come with you?"

"What do you think?"

"I think not."

"I too, but I don't know why."

"Never mind. Trust your feelings—with him too . . . I think he's still asleep."

"I'll manage to wake him!" Vivian went to the door.

"Tom——"

He turned, hearing once again the sweet piping of the bird on the roof.

"Never mind . . . I'll be downstairs if you want me."

Vivian went out.

Their son's room was on the floor above. It shouldn't have taken him so long to climb one flight of stairs. He knew he had lingered because he was afraid. He had always been cowardly about facing things out with Francis. He had not known how. As he paused before the door, his glance caught the forged check in his hand. It turned him wild inside, making him frantic to lash out; yet it burdened him at the same time with a depressed, suffocating sense, as though something foreign had lodged in his breast and would remain there forever, constrictive and heavy. He flung the door open.

Francis was awake. He was lying in bed, smoking a cigarette. His thin face looked unwashed, unattractively pallid. Vivian marked with sudden astonishment, as though he had never seen his son before, that it was not the face of a boy of twenty-five. It was years older. It was the face of a man of thirty-five or more, with pockets under the eyes and a mouth that was creased at the sides, as though the man had lived through years of bitter struggle instead of the easy, pleasant life that Francis had always had. He felt astonished, and somehow, hurt, as though he himself were to blame. He wondered if he was.

"Good morning," said Francis. He sat up, smoking. Vivian walked over and dropped the check on the blanket. "Ah!" said Francis. Then, calmly, "Sit down, father."

"You signed that, of course?" Vivian asked.

"Sit down, father."

"The devil with that. I want to talk to you."

"Please sit down, father."

Vivian detected the mockery in his son's tone. This was baiting the bull, he supposed. Well, he wouldn't be baited; and Francis could have things on his own terms if he wanted to play at strategy . . . He pulled up a chair.

"Now you'll be comfortable," said Francis. "Yes, I signed it."

"Were you drunk?"

"No."

"I had hoped you were."

"No, it was quite deliberate." Francis' eyes were smiling. He had jet-black, handsome eyes that contrasted strangely with his thin, rather badly featured face. "I was serving notice that I can't get along on the allowance you give me."

Vivian felt the suffocating sense in his chest. "Serving notice by forgery?"

"It won't be forgery unless I'm prosecuted."

"How do you know you won't be?" The blue patches appeared on Vivian's face again.

"I'd be extremely surprised." Francis paused to light a fresh cigarette. "You intend

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to cover the check, don't you?" he inquired lightly.

"I haven't made up my mind."

Francis shrugged.

"Francis, for God's sake, are you soft in the head? What's the matter with you? You forge the name of my chauffeur, a *chauffeur,* Francis. Doesn't it even involve your pride?"

"Oh no," replied Francis mildly, "I don't have any pride about such things, Tom."

"Well, I do," Vivian told him savagely, "and I won't have it."

Francis' voice became cold and very quiet. "You can't stop it, Tom. I told you I am serving notice. I want you to give me an allowance I can get along on. If you don't, I'll have to raise the money I need by any means that occur to me. That'll probably include borrowing from your friends, as well as signing checks in the name of your chauffeur. You force me to do it."

Vivian sank back in his chair. He hadn't expected it to be this way.

"Listen, Tom," said Francis earnestly, "you've got to stop judging me by your standards, and get new ones for me. If you do that, we can all be quite happy together."

"The check you forged was for six hundred dollars," Vivian said. "Would you tell me what you did with the money?"

"I have about a hundred left. I blew the rest of it over the weekend impressing a girl."

"Some floozie, I suppose?"

"No. This one had manners and went to Barnard."

"Was it worth it to you?"

"No. But I'll probably go on doing it."

"Francis, what's inside of you?" Vivian asked pleadingly.

"I don't know, father, not much. Appetites."

"Don't you want to work?"

"No."

"Is this going to be your life?"

"Why not? I rather like it."

"But it depends on me!"

"Now listen, father, it's not the money you're worrying about. Even with what I want it's only a drop in the bucket. It won't even dent your income."

"But you can't live like this, you can't!" Vivian cried. "A man has to do something with his life. I'm not trying to dictate to you. Do what you like. But be useful!"

"Those are *your* standards again."

"They're life's standards."

Francis leaned forward intensely. "What are these standards?" he asked. "You trade on the stock market. You make money by gambling in munition stocks. A man dead is a penny in your pocket. You gamble in bonite stocks. They pay interest on child labor. Why does that make you better than I?"

"What is this?" Vivian cried in astonishment and outrage. "Some radical bug?"

Francis laughed. "Oh, no. I'm merely pointing out that by doing nothing, I'm perhaps doing less harm than you."

"I've never heard anything so silly," Vivian said explosively. "Do you want me to retire to a mountain peak? Why make me responsible for the evils of the world? How about the charities I support?"

Francis laughed. "Don't worry, Tom. It isn't important. I didn't say I wouldn't spend your money, did I? But since you brought up the talk about standards, I'm merely pointing out that everything in this world seems to have a small streak of slime about it—and you're not any more free of it than I am . . . But it doesn't make any difference. Excuse me."

Francis lay back and closed his eyes. When he spoke again, his tone had suddenly become brooding and weary. "Tom, you don't know me very well," he said. "This year we haven't talked much. The last two years I've been abroad; before that I was at college."

"If it's my fault, I'll undo it," Vivian pleaded. "I thought you wanted to be alone."

"I did. It's not your fault." Francis' eyes were still closed. "Listen . . . I'm not always happy. But I've discovered the way in which I can get along best. I've got to have money for it. You double my allowance! I need about twenty thousand a year. I'll go along quietly in my own way. I'll try not to scandalize your name." He opened his eyes. "If you don't do that, Tom, I'll sign checks or do anything else I have to! I can't change what I am! If you put me in jail, I'll stay there! If you throw me in the gutter, I'll lie there! . . . That's all, Tom. You have another son and he fits. You concentrate on him."

"But what is it?" Vivian whispered. "What is it?"

"I don't know," Francis replied, "maybe the blood is running thin."

"Francis, one word," Vivian cried, "won't you even *try* to do something with yourself?"

"No."

"I beg you, Francis, if you have any feeling for me."

"No."

"Not even for your mother?"

"No."

Vivian looked at his son. He saw the thin, sharp-featured face. It appeared suddenly to be a cruel face, a depraved, vicious face. "I won't have it," he burst out. "This is cheap, it's mean! You're blackmailing me like the lowest scoundrel! I don't have to stand for it and I won't!"

"You will," said Francis. His handsome black eyes were very calm. "Your place in society means too much to you. You wouldn't dare to do anything."

"I hate you. I hate you," Vivian cried. "I despise you . . . Oh no, listen," he cried, frightened, "I don't want to hate you. I mustn't. Please, Francis, give me a chance. I don't hate you."

Francis smiled. "It's all right."

"I won't be blackmailed," Vivian muttered brokenly. "I won't."

"I'm sorry to hurt you," Francis told him gently.

Vivian glanced up once, then stumbled from the room. He walked down the corridor blindly, then the first stairway, then the second. He kept repeating: "I mustn't hate my son! I mustn't hate him!"

Ann was downstairs. She saw him coming and ran to him. Then she saw his face. "Dear," she said quickly, taking his arm, "it's lovely out in the garden, come out for a bit." She guided him. He stumbled over the lintel, and she had to hold him. It was like holding a bag of meal. They walked over toward the pond where the sun lay like gold leaf on white lily pads. "But, darling," she burst out suddenly, "there's no need to cry like that. You mustn't cry, my darling."

"I should *do* something," he said. "Why don't I *do* something?"

They stumbled forward, holding on to each other.

ALBERT MALTZ.

Not in the Headlines

"NATIONAL emergency," "preparedness," "war boom" are some of the word traps that have been set to snare the American workingman and rob him of his rights, liberties, and wages.

While the resources of the nation are "mobilized" in the face of a war two thousand miles away, the WPA, the trade unions, and the unemployed are demobilized during the shouting.

No one is better aware of these maneuvers than John L. Lewis, who sees what the smokescreen of war talk hides. Two of the five-point CIO axioms he delivered in his opening speech of the congress' annual convention were:

> The real wages of American workers must not be allowed to suffer from rising living costs, and every effort must be made to stop profiteering and to adjust wage levels to rising prices.
>
> Preoccupation with foreign affairs must not be allowed to divert attention from unemployment and other pressing problems of internal economic insecurity.

In New York City alone, thirteen thousand WPA clerks have had their puny wages cut as much as $20.80 per month and more reductions are promised by Col. Brehon Somervell, the local Works Projects supervisor.

On the New York Writers Project, eighty workers were dismissed. Curiously enough (or perhaps not so curiously) 62.5 percent of the dismissed workers were members of the Workers Alliance. Among them were the entire leadership of the union. Despite previous rulings and precedents, no attempt was made to transfer the dismissed workers to other under-quota projects.

While flag wavers and patriotic spellbinders carry on, the New York Board of Education announces that the evening elementary schools of the city have cut their classes in English and citizenship instruction from 760 to 160. Thirty-one thousand adults will be deprived of any opportunity to study Americanism. This was done in the name of economy by the Tammany-tory clique that slashed the educational budget in Albany, in May.

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Fascism Afloat

On Poland's S. S. "Batory" one group of Americans saw the face of fascism in a strange guise.

MILLIONS of people are sleeping better nights and having fewer cold sweats about their future now that the mighty Red Army is guarding a third of Poland's people against destruction by fascism. And other millions are shedding no crocodile tears about the fate of the Polish colonels and landlords who have absconded, leaving their serfs to a fate that can be no worse than the one they had planned for them.

I happen to know from a firsthand encounter with Polish-American fascists that Poland, with Germany, expected to take over the Soviet, not only the Ukraine but Moscow, and I learned about it, by traveling to Gdynia with a bunch of Polish-American bundists on a Polish boat with a noisy and militant bunch of Polish-American youngsters headed for a summer of training in a Nazi camp near Warsaw. They were given uniforms and promised a swell summer of free semi-military training in their fathers' fatherland. And we other third class passengers didn't like the way they were herded around on deck by half a dozen pot-bellied old buzzards, all of them American, but acting more like obese storm troopers as they bawled orders in Polish and put those kids through their paces, blew police whistles and rigorously drilled them from reveille to taps.

THE "GENERAL"

The pasteboard "General" in command was particularly revolting—a three-chinned pachyderm, almost cubic in shape and hung with more phony swastikas, iron crosses, double crosses, tin and tinsel than Goering himself. He drilled those Polish-American lads and lasses right up to the hilt, shooed them around deck like a flock of goslings, taught them the Nazi salute, lined them up, pink young fascist fodder, ramrod backs to the rail as they went through exhausting drills, in a babble of prayers, patriotic songs, speeches, pledges and ridiculous rigmarole of vigilante ritual.

And it wasn't long before some of us outsiders discovered that the General was leading a double life; a sort of Doctor Jekyll-Clitterhouse he was, running his gang in the open while secretly serving the boat's captain as chief stool pigeon. For we learned that he reported regularly to the bridge on the state of submission in our third class. He had a pass-key to the door of privilege leading into tourist class and could come and go like a draught down the back, free to spy on everybody and secretly mingle with his betters who sat around on "A" deck absorbing high-class schnapps with the old czarist Captain Borkowski.

The first time I had the displeasure of hearing the boy-scout General's voice right in my ear was just before a lecture and discussion on Sweden's "Middle Way," which a group of us had arranged, to pass the time constructively in our "social hall" right over the churning stern.

"Hey," bawled the General, clapping his hammy hand down on my shoulder. "What's this here meeting about?"

"Current events," I told him, "there isn't much news on shipboard—almost no good news, in fact—and since we're going places and seeing things we want to keep up."

From then on, whenever a knot of us so-called "intellectuals" gathered on our small steerage deck to speak of anything, from sea gulls to Socialism, we'd feel the soft chins of the General and his stooges resting over our shoulders, listening in.

THE CAPTAIN INTERVENES

The storm broke during a lecture by a New York doctor on "Seeing the Soviets," for some of us were bound there after we took in Denmark and Sweden. The speaker had hardly begun when I observed our old General slip out of the room with his pass-key in hand, waddling as fast as he could toward the entrance to tourist class and the Captain's quarters.

Five minutes later Captain Borkowski in person splayed down one of the two corridors leading to our "social hall." We had asked to have this corridor door locked so those uninformed, uniformed Polish-American bundists wouldn't interrupt our speaker this time. And that was the spark which set things off. For when our Captain found himself locked out of a room on his own boat—and a third class one at that—he saw red, rattled both the knob and his teeth, went purple, growled Bbbbbrrrrr as though we were approaching Greenland, fumbled for his keys, couldn't find them, and then just stood there gibbering, flashing fire-watery glares through the glass in the door as though he'd like to knock the lecturer's teeth down his throat with a belaying pin. An innocent passenger who didn't recognize the Captain kept motioning to him and directing "Go to the other door," and that almost made him blow up.

He was saved at last by the General, who came waddling along with his pass-key. Then the Captain stormed in. Like a keeper in a reform school, he strode right in front of the speaker, shaking a finger in unison with his nodding old cuckoo nut, grinding his teeth and hollering above the racket of the propellers: "I know all there is to know about Russia. I've seen it, too. But they don't let you see everything. I'll tell you a thing or two. Why didn't you let me know this meeting was going on? They ran me out of the Soviet—and I know why!"

We were in favor of running him out of anywhere, but nevertheless the speaker stopped politely, because it wasn't his boat, and our lady chairman smiled charitably.

THE TRIP HOME

Next day most of us got off at Copenhagen and went our separate ways. Many didn't meet again until we reboarded the same boat at Cherbourg after an enjoyable summer. Full of all sorts of impressions from our different trips, we gathered on our steerage deck to exchange news and greetings. And suddenly I felt the flap of those old familiar chins of the General on my shoulder. Then I knew for sure I was back. But the General was in mufti now and so was his rank and file. There was no drill. No unnecessary blowing of those police whistles. No spectacular changing of the boy scout guard. And all the way back, the only time those Polish-American kids got together was to march to mass where they listened to sermons that began with praise for holy wars and rapes by Mussolini and Hitler and ended up with curses on Communism.

But the boys and girls didn't seem so eager now, they looked pretty well fed up with propaganda after their summer spent in regimented Polish youth camps. They seemed subdued, and anxious to get back to the land of the free. We heard them whispering among themselves about disenchantments in their fathers' fatherland, with its utter lack of the democracy they'd been brought up to expect. And one group of the girls' auxiliary definitely flew a tiny American flag at their table all the way home. A lad who had been locked in a lunatic asylum for most the summer and had his head forcibly shaved because he'd questioned commands from some superior stool pigeon told plenty, and said it did not pay to try free speech either in Poland or on a Polish boat. Our ship, he said, was just Poland in miniature. Fascism on the high seas, a sort of modern piracy. Fascism afloat.

SEE YOU IN MOSCOW

I saw the General on the dock when we arrived in Hoboken and he leered. "Well, so long, Brown. *See you in Moscow in five years.*"

That gave the whole game away. He and his black cohorts were trying to raise another crop of fascists on our own free soil and with the help of most of Europe, including Poland, he was expecting to have a hand in invading the workers' fatherland within a few years.

That's why I'm shedding no crocodile tears about the property losses of those Polish colonels and landlords, or the sadness of the dollar democracies. That's why I'm glad that at least one-third of the Polish people have been released from crushing fascism and have a real future to fight for now alongside the heroic Red Army.

BOB BROWN.

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Mischa Richter

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Editors
CROCKETT JOHNSON, A. B. MAGIL, RUTH MCKENNEY, JOSEPH NORTH, SAMUEL SILLEN.

Associate Editors
JAMES DUGAN, BARBARA GILES.

Contributing Editors
THEODORE DRAPER, JOSEPH FREEMAN, MICHAEL GOLD, WILLIAM GROPPER, JOSHUA KUNITZ, HERMAN MICHELSON, BRUCE MINTON, ISIDOR SCHNEIDER, ROBERT TERRALL, RICHARD WRIGHT, MARGUERITE YOUNG.

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Hitler in a Spot

THERE was no poetry in Hitler's speech before the Reichstag last Friday. Nor could his prose, in all fairness, be considered Shakespearean. Nevertheless the choices which confront the melancholy Fuhrer recall the plight of Hamlet. In Eastern Europe, Hitler won a battle but lost the war. The epoch of Brest-Litovsk came to a close in a series of diplomatic thunderbolts: the Soviet Union's march into Byelo Russia and the Ukraine, the treaties with Estonia and Latvia, the changed relations in the Balkans, the probable pact with Turkey guaranteeing the Black Sea and the Dardanelles. Violent hangovers are reported in high Nazi councils from the champagne cocktails which Ribbentrop has been serving up these last six weeks. Goering and Himmler are said to be furious over the ambiguity of Russian trade promises. Admiral Raeder bitterly reproached the Nazi foreign minister for permitting the Russians to convert the Baltic Sea into a virtual inland lake.

Clearly, the chances of Nazi success in a war against the Allied powers are extremely poor. Hitler's speech, and his armistice proposals, are confessions of weakness, rather than strength. Their vagueness at this stage of the game is quite understandable; should possibilities for a serious hearing in London and Paris improve, more specific proposals will undoubtedly be made.

The Allies' Dilemma

BUT Hitler is not the only Hamlet. Both Chamberlain and Daladier, especially the latter, and the systems which they represent, are in a spot equally as tight. Efforts to improve the Allied position in the Balkans, symbolized by the appointment of Argeteanu, the new Rumanian premier, as well as the discussions with the Turkish military mission now in London, can hardly compensate for the losses which German "anti-Bolshevism" has suffered in the East. Nor can the Finnish barons be expected to hold the Anglo-German lines in the Baltics when the Latvian and Estonian lords let them go.

Increasing numbers of French and British citizens question what the war is for. A reconstitution of post-Versailles Poland is manifestly impossible. The former foreign minister, Josef Beck, is in a sanatorium. The new government in London, while greasing its palms with the remains of a sterling loan which never reached the humble Polish citizens in Warsaw, is doomed to the emigration in perpetuum of their czarist brethren. The Red Army stands on that line which Lord Curzon drew in 1919, which Pilsudski violated in his attack upon the Soviet Union in 1920.

A defeat for Hitler in a military sense (which the Allies are probably able to accomplish) projects even greater dangers. Germany might emerge, even from a partial setback, not as the bulwark against socialism, but, perhaps, the bearer of the "Bolshevik bacilli" clear across the Maginot line. After all, would the France upon which Daladier imposed a new anti-Comintern alliance remain unaffected by a German defeat? Imperialist Europe writhes in the contradictions of its own chicanery and decay. Incapable of either victory or defeat, the statesmen who could not save the peace appear unable to prosecute their war.

The Role of the Neutrals

IN THIS impasse, neutrals are decisive. From the Soviet point of view, peace is preferable to war, even if the war might bring down the abutments of imperialist Europe. As the outpost of world socialism, the Soviet Union has no wish to see the peoples of Europe subjected to senseless slaughter. Second, potential dangers to the Soviet Union as a nation are minimized if peace in Europe is restored even if for only a brief time.

America is the unique arbiter of these destinies. Both in peace and war, the temporary Galahad for world imperialism is the United States. But President Roosevelt, who came forward last September at the very last moment before Munich, this time maintains discreet caution. Presumably he will not offer the good services of the United States unless the Allies are ready. But once the Allies decide for peace, they are compelled, as Lloyd George indicated last week, to call upon the United States, which like the Soviet Union can no longer be excluded from the council tables of Europe.

This opportunity both attracts and disturbs the American capitalist class. At this moment, the disturbance is more apparent. The decisive elements in American finance capital were, and still are, poised to profit from the war: by a flourishing trade with the Allies and the preemption of *both* the British and Nazi position in South America.

But if the will-to-war in the United States receives an uppercut this can only benefit the American people as distinguished from the American capitalist class. Martin Dies, as well as Chamberlain's water boys in the American Labor Party, would receive decisive setbacks. All the ominous tendencies in American life that have come to the surface in recent weeks would find their progress much more difficult. The reconstruction of American economy as well as the preservation of American democracy clearly demand peace rather than war in Europe, if possible a peace permanent enough to give the peoples of Europe *their* chance for reconstruction and for genuine democracy.

Strength for Peace

CYNICAL commentators acknowledge that the Soviet Union emerged the real victor in the first month of the war. In a sense, such an analysis has an ominous overtone. It helps to prepare the ideological basis for a sinister anti-Soviet direction in American foreign policy as well as the assault upon American civil liberties. Reactionaries in all camps are justifiably alarmed over Soviet strength. Liberals are forced to retract their bleating complaints over the presumed subservience of Soviet foreign policy after the non-aggression pact with Germany.

For all of us, the diplomatic victories of the past few weeks emphasize the towering strength of the first socialist republic, its irresistible influence in Europe, the Near East, and Asia. This week Hungary resumed its diplomatic relations with Moscow, broken after the signature of the anti-Comintern accord last February. The Rumanian propaganda minister, Alexander Radian, speaking before an audience of Ukrainians whom King Carol suddenly granted minority rights last week, asserted it was a "pure coincidence" that concessions to the Ukrainian minority were drafted when the Soviet Red Army was occupying the Polish Ukraine. However that may be, the minister declared: "Fully conscious of my responsibility, I can affirm that Rumania is threatened by no one, and that no one has formulated demands against our territorial integrity."

Certainly, the Soviet Union does not covet Balkan soil. Nor does it seek to influence internal policy among nations that now seek out Russian friendship. Nevertheless, even the most rabid pro-Nazi and pro-British circles in Eastern Europe are now impressed with the wisdom of improving relations with the USSR. Such reorientations must inevitably find their reflex in domestic events, just as they must assuage the historic conflicts in the Balkans which were fostered and exploited by Anglo-French as well as German imperialism. Evidence of this process came last week from Bulgaria, where communiques minimized any hostile intentions over the Dobrudja area. Likewise, Rumania and Hungary appeared to be settling quarrels over Transylvania.

Baltic Satisfaction

WHILE Estonian newspapers generally congratulated their government over the advantages of last week's mutual assistance pact with the Soviet Union, a similar pact was concluded with Latvia. Latvia has agreed to permit Soviet fortifications at the Baltic ports of Libau and Windau, in return for trade concessions through Murmansk and the Ukraine. Latvia is also guaranteed Soviet protection in case of a land invasion from the

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south, which can only mean, protection against a possible invasion from Germany. Meanwhile, a similar treaty with Lithuania awaits final signature. It will be remembered that the Red Army was prepared to defend Lithuania when the Munich-maddened Poles threatened aggression last November.

The Finnish ruling circles, however, do not seem to draw the same conclusions from changed conditions as their Baltic brethren. The Soviet Union is reported to have asked for at least the neutralization of the Aland Islands and a more friendly orientation generally. The Finnish rulers, the same who brutally suppressed the Finnish revolution in 1918-20, appear to be appealing to the Social-Democratic governments in Scandinavia, as well as to England. The Finns are amazed at the indisposition of the Nazis, their former friends and sponsors. More than one anti-Comintern axis is cracked beyond repair.

While negotiations between the Soviet Union and Turkey over a Black Sea compact hang fire, the Turks are pressing their advantage through a military mission now in London. Elsewhere in this issue, Alter Brody elaborates the subtleties of Near Eastern diplomacy. The Turks are relying upon their friendship with the Soviet Union to gain British support for ousting the Italians from the Dodecanese Islands in the Eastern Mediterranean. That probably explains the anti-Soviet squawk from Marshal Balbo's newspaper, epitomizing Italy's disappointments with its axis politics. This blast can also be construed as criticism of Ciano's diplomatic misfortunes which now rival those of Herr von Ribbentrop.

Soviet Trade

CONTINUED interest attaches to the problem of Soviet-German trade. Earlier this week, newspapers refrained from drawing what should be obvious conclusions from the leasing of Norwegian freighters by the USSR for the transport of Soviet timber to the Allies through sub-Arctic seas. Clearly, that would spike the myth which American newspapers still foster about iron-bound Soviet support for Germany. The British appear to be unwilling to pay for the timber in cash, which may prevent the consummation of the deal. But the *mere intention* on the part of the Soviet Union emphasizes its essential neutrality and independence. Toward Germany, the Soviet Union clearly wishes to maintain the same neutrality.

War on French Democracy

WHILE the war against Hitler marks time, Daladier's war against French democracy displays a great deal of vigor. Thirty-five Communist deputies have been arrested for the crime of suggesting that there be no prior rejection of peace proposals, and the hunt is on for the rest. As further proof of the anti-fascist character of the war, the illustrious republicans at the head of the French government have just rounded up all German and Austrian anti-fascist writers under sixty years of age, who have been living in France as political refugees, and put them in concentration camps. This news was not carried by the cables, but NEW MASSES has learned it from unimpeachable quarters. It is a French way of paying tribute to democracy.

Lest Americans have any doubts concerning the character of a war in which the Hitler agents, Doriot and de la Rocque, go free while Thorez and Marty are hunted down, Leon Blum hastens to explain it all. In three articles in the New York *Herald Tribune* the Socialist leader, who helped tie the non-intervention noose around loyalist Spain, gives an exhibition of fawning on British imperialism that would make a tory diehard blush. Blum's thesis, developed with the proper aromatic phrases, is that the British ruling class is fighting the war for pure and idealistic motives and only obscene minds can suggest that such mundane matters as profits and commercial privileges sway the patriotic London bankers in the least. That Blum chooses to write an apologia for British rather than French imperialism is evidence of his sure instinct. He knows who his real master is.

Tough Days for Japan

THE invincible warriors of the land of the Rising Sun have been taking an ignominious pushing around on several fronts. First the Japanese War Office admitted on October 3 that the "localizing" truce begged from the Soviet Union and Outer Mongolia was forced by the defeat of the invading Japanese in a "bitter battle" on the Outer Mongolian border. The War Office spokesman explained that the Samurai spirit of Hirohito's soldiers was quenched by the superior mechanization of the workers' and peasants' army.

Around Changsha, in China, the first Japanese land operation since Oct. 25, 1938, was flung back with heavy losses and the mighty hosts of the God-Emperor were shoved about in the mud by the Chinese people's army.

There evidently being no characters in Japanese calligraphy vigorous enough to express the feelings of the Shogunate toward their Nazi blood-brothers after Hitler allowed himself to be used as a chopsticks by the Soviets, the great pact and axis man of Japan, Gen. Hiroshi Oshima, was recalled to Tokyo from his embassy in Berlin. If the old-time etiquette of hari-kari is still in vogue, there should be a sudden drop in the membership of Japan's ruling classes.

That Boring Debate

THE Great Debate has already become a great bore. Except for Senator Borah's dramatic opening blast, the speeches on both sides of the arms embargo issue have been as winged as a dray-horse. Nobody reads them. The New York *Times* reports "evidence of diminishing public interest in the bill [the Pittman cash-and-carry plan], manifested both in a falling off of letters and telegrams received in senatorial offices and small crowds of spectators in the galleries during sessions in the latter part of the past week." The American people evidently sense the fact that the issue now being debated so hotly in Congress has been inflated out of all proportion to its real merit. Neither retention nor abandonment of the arms embargo by itself will keep America out of war.

It is no longer a secret that those advocating the Pittman bill wish, despite protestations of neutrality, to help one side in the imperialist conflict, Britain and France. Not all are as frank as Sen. Elbert D. Thomas of Utah who declared shortly before Congress opened: "Let us give up this dream of impartiality, therefore of neutrality. It is better to take sides and fight." But most of the others also want closer cooperation between this country and the war-makers of Britain and France. There is danger in that attitude. Economic cooperation creates the stakes that may ultimately make the pressure for military cooperation irresistible. The ninety-day credit provision in the Pittman bill shows the direction in which the wind is blowing. How long before all restrictions on credits and loans are removed?

The worst enemies of the New Deal are clambering aboard the administration bandwagon on this issue. Among the latest to come out for repeal of the arms embargo is the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York. These gentlemen scent profits. Peace is already being talked of as a catastrophe. But the American people want to stay out of the imperialist war. The latest Gallup poll shows the growth of anti-war sentiment. To the question "Should we declare war and send our army and navy abroad to fight Germany?" only 5 percent replied in the affirmative, whereas a month ago it was 16 percent. But the warmongers are on the move and unless the people act, the 5 percent will nullify the will of the 95 percent, as they did in the last war.

Tear Off the Mask

IF EVER there was a time when the people of America wanted the floor for plain speaking, that time is now. A nation of 130,000,000 is confronted with involvement in a reactionary, imperialist war. America today should be a vast forum. But there are sinister men who wish to destroy the possibility of unhindered speech. Who are these men and what is their game? Every citizen must know.

Foremost among them is Congressman Dies; a close second, it eventuates, is Louis Waldman, Old Guard Socialist and member of the Executive Committee of the American Labor Party. Recognition of the emergency and menace to the Bill of Rights is explicit in the call of the American Civil Liberties Union for a special conference in New York Friday and Saturday. Mr. Waldman declined an invitation to attend the sessions, and instead hastily sent a scurrilous Red-bait-

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ing statement to the press. Mr. Waldman, Congressman Dies' finger-man, pointed at the conference, and the wild-and-woolly Texan then gave it both barrels. What do these men fear in the open discussion of civil rights? The American people may well ask themselves —and those gentlemen—a few questions.

Is not Dies' strategy directed against *all* progressive America?

What is his ultimate aim?

He began with Red-baiting: today he attempts to bulldoze Sen. Robert F. Wagner and Sen. Elbert Thomas for daring to speak at a meeting on behalf of civil rights. This is exactly what NEW MASSES pointed out in its editorial last week. We said, "The destruction of democracy always begins by denying democracy to the Communists." We cited the example of the Third Reich. We confess we did not think our warning then would be verified so rapidly. Professing "concern" for democracy, Dies continues his efforts to undermine it. Today he has widened his "concern" and threatens the American Civil Liberties Union, the liberals connected with it—and even extends his hounding to two prominent legislators.

John L. Lewis, speaking before the CIO convention in San Francisco, hit the nail squarely when he said: "We can continue to escape the misfortunes which have overtaken much of the rest of the world only if we set our own house in order and build up a bulwark of democratic resistance against all the forces in this country which lead to fascism and war." He said explicitly that more than extraordinary vigilance must be exercised to guard existing labor and social legislation and democratic rights against curtailment under the pretext of emergency considerations.

The "bulwark" is being undermined by Dies and the interests he represents. These are the warmakers — the monopolists who gained billions in the last war. These are the "subversive plotters" against the welfare of the land. The mask must be torn from their faces and they must be hauled before the American people for judgment.

Red-baiters in the ALP

THE leaders of the American Labor Party have beaten Martin Dies to the punch. Dies hopes to outlaw the Communist Party, but the ALP chiefs have already done so. And in the expansive Dies fashion they include under the label "Communist" everyone who does not agree that Chamberlain is fighting a holy war for democracy and that the Soviet Union is a deep-dyed villain and betrayer. By this simple definition both Lloyd George and Winston Churchill are dangerous Reds, for have they not hinted that the USSR is not exactly cheek by jowl with Hitler?

The warmongering, pro-Chamberlain, anti-Soviet resolution of the ALP leaders was shocking enough. But the manner in which they railroaded it through a meeting heavily larded with stooges, under threat of expulsion for anyone who dared vote nay, was a spectacle that would try the strongest stomach. There was a veritable lynch atmosphere at that meeting in Manhattan Center on October 4. "That a member or candidate of our party should state that Britain and France are conducting an imperialist war is something we cannot and will not stand," barked fuhrer Alex Rose, the never-elected state secretary of the ALP.

The action of the Old Guard Socialist crowd who have seized control of the ALP is of course a windfall for Tammany. It splits the progressive forces wide open and inaugurates a witch hunt against those who have been most active in building the Labor Party.

The second effect of this putsch is to give the green light to the Dies committee and every anti-labor, anti-democratic element in the country. The Old Guard Socialist leaders are following in the footsteps of their colleagues in Germany, who helped kill democracy and greased the wheels for the triumph of Hitler.

But the rank and file of the ALP will not be herded so easily into the corral of reaction. Two days after the Rose-Antonini coup a meeting of the New York County Committee of the ALP refused to endorse the warmongering resolution and elected a new progressive county leadership. Outstanding progressives are also being heard from. In a speech before the AFL convention Mayor LaGuardia declared that what is happening in Europe is "slaughter and sacrifice of human beings with no hope for the working people no matter how it ends. The working people were not consulted on the start of the war. They are not to have any say on how it is to end." Councilman Michael Quill, ALP candidate for reelection in the Bronx, in a stinging reply to the demand that he toe the line, denounced the resolution as "designed to create a war hysteria." Three Manhattan judicial candidates have followed suit. Shaemas O'Sheel, the party's candidate for sheriff in Dutchess County, New York, has likewise issued a statement refusing to support Chamberlain's war or the attacks on the Soviet Union.

The reactionaries are attempting to make capital out of the division in ALP ranks. But the members have no intention of abandoning their organization to the clique of self-constituted leaders who are trying to wreck it. One way to keep the banner of progress flying is to register this week in order to be able to vote in November.

Labor Takes Stock

THE AFL and CIO are now taking stock and deciding policy on a multitude of problems at their conventions meeting in Cincinnati and San Francisco respectively. Their attitude toward the imperialist war, toward labor unity, toward the reactionary drive on civil liberties and living standards is important not only for American labor, but for the people as a whole.

The AFL Executive Council, which dominates the Federation's convention, has thus far shown a disposition to trim its verbal sails to the storm of rank and file protest, while pursuing the old reactionary course. On the war issue both the Executive Council report and President Green's opening address showed signs of split personality. "As for our own country," said the report, "we demand that it stay out of the European conflict, maintaining neutrality in spirit and in act." But in the next breath the report violates both the letter and spirit of neutrality by ignoring the complicity of the British and French governments and placing all the blame for the war on the Nazis, falsely linking the latter with the Communists.

Similarly, in his address, while declaring that American labor was disillusioned with the last war and warning against American involvement in the present conflict, Green nevertheless urged substitution of the cash-and-carry plan for the present arms embargo, a move designed to help Britain and France. The AFL delegates were also subjected to openly warmongering speeches by Spencer Miller, director of the Federation's educational bureau, and by delegates of the British trade unions.

A welcome contrast to this open and covert warmongering was the speech of Mayor LaGuardia, who told the convention that the workers were not consulted about the start of the war and would not be consulted about its end. Only the *Daily Worker,* among New York newspapers, found these words fit to print.

President Roosevelt's appeal for labor unity was treated with greater official respect than the appeal he sent last year, but once again the blame for the division in the labor movement was placed on the CIO and an indirect rebuke given to the President when it was suggested that he send future communications to the CIO. The tory majority of the Executive Council demonstrated how little regard it had for labor unity when it practically suspended the International Typographical Union for refusing to pay a special assessment for an anti-CIO war chest.

As we go to press the CIO convention has only just begun, but the forthright presidential report of John L. Lewis already sets the tone. Lewis characterized the imperialist war as the product of "arrogant aggression and inept statesmanship," and declared that "organized labor is emphatically opposed to any involvement of the United States in the European war." Throughout his address he called sharp attention to the domestic problems and sounded a warning against possible curtailment of labor and social legislation and democratic rights "under the pretext of emergency conditions." And Lewis' appeal for united action of labor, the farmers, and all progressive organizations points the way to the successful defense of peace, civil liberties, and the social gains won in recent years.

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So They Say

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW once said, "Marx made a man of me." This week it would appear that Stalin has made a boy of him again. He begins an article in the London *New Statesman and Nation* with "The war is over":

Every person in the country capable of seeing three moves ahead in the game of military chess has known this from the moment the first Russian soldier stepped across the Polish frontier. . . . We were out on our old balance of power lines to disable Germany, which is now called abolishing Hitlerism. . . . Stalin, 500 percent or so abler and quicker on the uptake than all the dictators, including the Westminster Cabinet, rolled into one, had nothing to consider except which of them he should take by the scruff of the neck. . . . He informed us, in effect, that since we couldn't even be civil to Russia we should not make Poland a gun emplacement for the obvious ultimate aim of our rulers (as far as they are capable of aims) of restoring the Romanov czardom and once more dining happily with the Benkendorys in Chester Square. . . . What are we suffering for? Upon what are we resolved? What have we determined? What in the devil's name is it all about, now that we have let Poland go? Chamberlain in reply states our aims in peroration. Winston Churchill echoes it in a broadcast with a certain sense of absurdity which the microphone betrays. Our aim is, first, to deliver Europe from the threat and fear of war. And our remedy is to promise them three years' more war (!), next, to abolish Hitlerism root and branch. Well, what about beginning by abolishing Churchillism, a proposition no less nonsensical and more easily within our reach?

And if, as is desperately possible, we drove Russia and Germany into a combination against us, which is just what our old school ties and trade unionists are recklessly trying to do, then we shall indeed need God's help and not deserve it. No: it will not do, however thickly we butter it with bunk and balderdash about liberty, democracy, and everything we have just abolished at home.

• • •

Walter Lippmann thinks it through to the danger point:

The territory that the Russians are occupying was not assigned to Poland in the Versailles settlement; it was territory conquered by the Poles some years after the peace conference. . . . Stalin has chosen to share in the partition of the Polish state but not in the partition of the Polish nation. . . . It is evident that Stalin has used the war to establish the best military frontier that Russia has ever had.

• • •

B. H. McCormack, writing in the *Wall Street Journal,* speculates on the war boomlet. "A boomlet might be described as a boom nipped in the bud," he remarks. He tips off Wall Street's desire that the war continue: "It seems generally agreed among bankers and economists that we have been witnessing an inventory boom—which might well become a boomlet if (1) peace develops, or (2) war orders from Europe don't develop in substantial volume pretty soon."

The New York commercial press has been whipping up the Social-Democratic and Trotskyist warmongering in the American Labor Party by such "objective" reporting as this from a front page lead in the *Post*: "The Communist 'line' against the American Labor Party's attempt to oust the Reds from its ranks took definite form today. It was: rule or ruin." But the entire metropolitan press except the *Daily Worker* failed utterly to report the biggest labor news of the week. This was that section of Mayor LaGuardia's surprise speech before the AFL convention in Cincinnati in which he dealt with the war. LaGuardia declared that the people of Europe "were not consulted on the start of the war, would not be consulted about its end, and there is no hope for them in the war regardless of which side wins." The *Post* did not report the speech at all, but found space for twenty inches of ALP Red-baiting, front page room for a long Cincinnati story on the World Series, and twelve inches on Page 2 for "GENERAL MOTORS TO OPEN SALON." Under the provisions of the hysterical Red-baiting resolution jammed through the ALP, the mayor is now eligible for losing the ALP endorsement should he run again. Anyone with a cool head these days is a Red.

• • •

Genevieve Tabouis wires from Paris the rumor that von Ribbentrop's report of the recent Russian negotiations made Goering and Himmler furious:

They bitterly reproached him for the meager results he had obtained from Moscow, whereas he had guaranteed Russian cooperation just as he had guaranteed to the Fuhrer the democracies would accept peace offers. . . . From the economic standpoint Russia is said to have given a very vague consent to collaboration with Germany for war materials, entering into no details and signing no agreements. Hitler is said to be furious over the results of von Ribbentrop's visit to Moscow. Foreign observers in Berlin add that his attitude toward his principal adviser is somewhat cold. He cannot conceal his disillusionment over results of the Moscow interviews or the failure of his peace offer.

• • •

Familiar example of liberal reasoning from the *Nation*: "It is clear that, although large scale defections have not been reported [in the Communist Party of France] difficulties . . . are causing rapid disintegration." In other words it is equally clear that although no democracy in France and England can be found, the Allies are fighting for democracy.

• • •

Liberty, incapable of attacking socialism on anything above the moron level, has blown the lid off "free love" once again in an article by one Myron Goldgar on the Young Communist League at New York University. Reporters asked NYU students about the situation. Said sorority girl Jean Searing, "I have been approached by several boys who are members of the YCL and not one of them ever made a pass at me." "With the Communists," said a male student, "it's talk, talk, talk all the time. And pamphlets. Nothing is free; they make collections all the time."

Arthur Krock confirms what the Communists have been saying all along in his column in the New York *Times*—that Martin Dies' real objective is the destruction of the New Deal.

If Mr. Dies is able to disclose such names [of key men in the administration sympathetic to Communism] with sufficient proof, he will have dealt a hard blow to the administration, damaged the third term drive, and reawakened suspicions of the moderate Democrats which have led them into opposition to the New Deal on recent occasions. And he will have revived the somewhat flagging spirits of the Republicans.

• • •

The *Oriental Economist,* Tokyo, admits the force of the blow dealt Japan by the German-Soviet Non-Aggression Pact: "But regardless of the outcome of the European crisis, it is unthinkable that Japan's position will take a rapid turn for the better."

• • •

The *New Statesman and Nation* comments on the Soviet occupation of Western Ukraine and Byelo Russia:

The German and the Russian forces met on equal terms at Brest-Litovsk, where Lenin accepted the most humiliating peace of modern times at the hands of the Germans. By taking over the Russian parts of Poland Stalin repays an old score; it was over these areas that Pilsudski, encouraged and financed by the Allies, carried out in 1920 one of the least justifiable military campaigns in modern history.

For years the [London] *Times* has encouraged the Nazis to believe that the English people were complacent about the policy of National Socialism; now, realizing at length that British diplomacy has thrown Hitler into the arms of Stalin, it exploits all the resources of polished venom to inflame passion against the USSR. More dangerous still, it sets to work to build up a myth of Poland. . . . Elementary common sense should lead to the most cautious statements about Poland, whose full restoration could only be accomplished by the defeat both of Nazi Germany and of Soviet Russia—a proposition which even the *Times* does not dare to espouse. We see in these articles in the *Times* a perfect example of the type of mind which has brought us to our present situation. It is the mind which created Versailles and which paid disreputable generals to invade Soviet Russia after the war; the mind that refused justice to democratic Germany and then truckled to Nazi Germany; the mind which sabotaged the League, made war inevitable, neglected every democratic cause which we could have aided during the last eight years and which has now landed France and Britain in a war which need never have happened.

• • •

P. J. Philip, ambassador to the New York *Times* from the Bonnet-Daladier gang, has cabled more editorials than all the actual news reports put together. Here is a sample composed during his visit to the "front":

At Verdun we had speeches and entertainment and it was pathetic to see and hear the extent to which it is believed and hoped the United States will come again into this war, in which France has no other interest than in defense of that patrimony of liberty that she in part derived from the American War of Independence.

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Freud's Contribution

The genius of psychology, whose bourgeois outlook hampered his insight into the human mind. A problem of fact and superstition.

ALMOST a generation has passed since Freud, according to his own statement, made his last important contribution to psychoanalysis; yet whether he was a charlatan or a man of genius has not yet ceased to be a topic of heated controversy. Within the last few years equally competent authorities have condemned him utterly and praised him extravagantly. Even Marxists, united as they are, cannot yet agree upon him. His supporters and his enemies may be found on both sides of the class struggle.

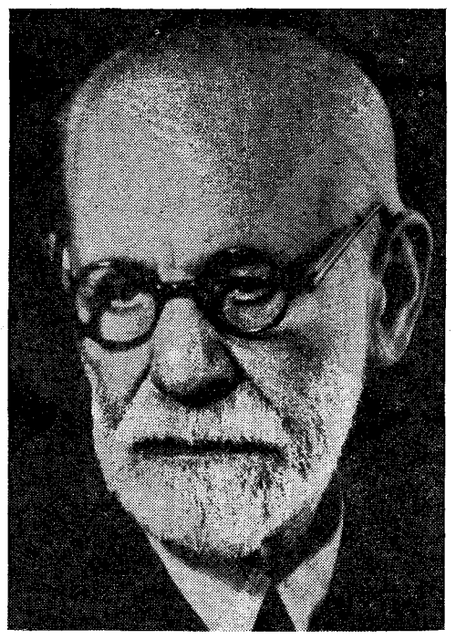
His earlier years were spent in shocking the Victorian world and calling down upon himself the vituperation of which outraged respectability is so capable. During his last twenty-five years he was chiefly engaged in supplying ammunition to reactionary currents of thought. Yet it is interesting to note that in both cases Freud was innocent of any malicious intentions. He confessed that he really expected his early discoveries to be greeted with delight and regretted that he had sown a whirlwind. It is also true that he had no sympathies with the militarism, anti-intellectualism and anti-Semitism which his own theories tended to justify as unavoidable.

Even those who feel that Freud went too far, now grant that his part in the resurrection of sex has benefited psychology. What many doctors knew but hesitated to mention even to other doctors, Freud blurted aloud and, despite torrents of abuse, he ultimately succeeded in dragging sex into the light of science.

No doubt this achievement was his most spectacular and gained him as many adherents as enemies. But the disfavor which still persists in conservative academic circles where sex is now mentioned freely cannot be explained, I think, except by the fact that Freud's emphasis on sex was only a part of a greater if quieter contribution to science.

Freud did more than spill the beans about sex. He made what amounted to a sustained, detailed and unanswerable attack upon the bourgeois family. Here too, he failed to recognize the social consequences of his work. He thought only of making an honest analysis of the intimate emotional relationships which he found in every home without realizing that the simple truth about bourgeois society is equivalent to criticism of it. And he thought he was examining the "human" family, not a transient historical institution.

The bourgeois family is one of the three pillars of capitalist society, and its sanctity, like the sanctity of the property relations which it sustains, is guarded by a well-rounded mythology. Like capitalism as a whole, the bourgeois family is reputed to be a natural,



SIGMUND FREUD: *May 6, 1856-Sept. 23, 1939. The most eminent psychologist of the century spent his last days in exile, a victim of fascist persecution.*

balanced and harmonious way of living except for accidental and external disturbances. The picture of an economic system automatically providing the greatest good for the greatest number is supplemented by an idealized family: a dutiful loving wife and mother, little children brightening the home, and all protected by a firm but tender husband.

Freud's discoveries shattered this lovely image beyond repair. He found not only that the family was crawling with deep and permanent contradictions and conflicts but also that, in one form or another, they were unavoidable. The contradictions which afflicted the ideal family were not accidental. They constituted its very essence. Jealousy, hatred, domination, rebellion, submission, all bound up with varieties of sexual attachment and thickly coated with love: these were the materials making up the "family romance." In addition, Freud found that this tangle of relations was steeped in hypocrisy so profound that even the people involved were unaware of their true feelings. One has to understand the full horror of the realities pointed out by Freud to appreciate the incredulous astonishment expressed by Dr. Frankwood Williams at Soviet families when he said: "These parents seem actually to like their children and the children seem actually to like their parents."

Just as Darwin complacently transferred bourgeois theories about capitalism to the sphere of nature, so Freud did not seem embarrassed for his civilization when he found no difficulty in transferring the bourgeois family to the forest primeval. Yet what a commentary it is. Just take off their clothes, change the date on the calendar and with a few added touches, behold! It is no longer Herr Schmidt, the banker, and his family, but the primal father and his horde! Although Freud never recognized the ferocity of his own attack or appreciated the cutting satire in his fable of the primal horde, this detailed and devastating expose stands among his chief accomplishments.

If psychology is still an infant science (and it is), when Freud began his work it had not yet been born. The development of any science is preceded and accompanied by the growth of a vast sphere of practical activity which can provide the basis for the science. Geology for example had to mark time for almost six thousand years until commercial capitalism in the sixteenth century developed a mining industry sufficiently broad and various to provide the experience necessary for drawing wide theoretical generalizations. It is well known that the theory of natural selection depended upon the development of large-scale animal breeding in England. But at the end of the nineteenth century, what practical social experience could form the foundation for a science of the development of personality? It is quite true that society had been rearing children for some time, but the experience derived in this way was largely inaccessible to science. Even today the limited number of nurseries and the scarcity of other social services limits the practical basis of psychology, one more example showing that the struggle for the needs of the masses is simultaneously a struggle for science. But in Freud's day there was nothing in these fields. The insane had scarcely been taken out of the prisons and psychiatry had not gone much beyond classification. Neurotics were still ridiculed and passed on from one incredulous doctor to the next. About the only sphere of social practice dealing with the manipulation of personality was that dominated by the hypnotists.

In fact, Freud was actually the first modern psychologist to deal in any effective and fruitful way with the complicated problems involving the personality as a whole. He drew upon all the usually neglected activities of the mind and was certainly among the first to grasp the fact that no single aspect of behavior can be understood except in relation to the whole personality in its development from birth.

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The realization of this simple and profoundly correct truth was sufficient to raise a thousand hitherto unsuspected problems, the solution to any one of which demanded the solution of all. It is understandable that Freud was impelled to guess, speculate, entertain absurdities, follow blind alleys, and in short run the constant risk of making a fool of himself. The wonder is that he did not get entirely lost and that, despite all defects, his thinking provides a body of brilliant insights which practical workers even today find a source of stimulation.

Besides these unavoidable difficulties of the pioneer, Freud's work suffers from his uncritical acceptance of the main individualistic superstitions which are rooted in capitalist society. He was rarely able to throw off the toils of nineteenth century metaphysics and ended by getting himself all wound up in the crudest forms of idealism while still professing to be a materialist. He thought the human race was doomed to suffer forever from the same mental conflicts which they endure today under capitalism. Such assumptions inevitably led him into those breath-taking and quite fanciful anthropological speculations which have done so much to discredit him in the eyes of serious students and make him such an easy target for ridicule.

Entwined in the mesh of bourgeois preconceptions, what revolutionary tendencies he had were turned against him. His intense dislike of capitalist society, his hatred of violence, his disgust at the revivals of anti-Semitism, and his burning resentment at his own personal humiliation and suffering: all these produced in him nothing but pessimism. Even worse. He wasted his energies and mobilized his theories justifying as inevitable the things which tormented him and which finally hastened his own death in exile.

The contradiction between Freud's penetrating insight and the limitations laid upon his thinking by his bourgeois outlook is probably the outstanding characteristic of his work as a whole. His every advance was harassed on all sides by the false assumptions of apologetic thought. Reactionary superstitions shamelessly invade his most profound discoveries. It is this which makes Freud's work so difficult to evaluate. The danger is that competent leftist critics may be so repelled by his blunders that they will dispose of him as Feuerbach, for much the same reason, disposed of Hegel. Despite his limitations, Freud deserves the serious attention of all those who are struggling to bring about a world which will eliminate spiritual as well as material poverty.

FRANCIS BARTLETT.

Freud's Last Book

MOSES AND MONOTHEISM, *by Sigmund Freud. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.*

THE grave defects of a personalistic approach to human problems have rarely appeared so clearly as in the last book written by Freud. Here is the logical culmination of a method of attack that almost completely disregards the social and economic bases of historical development while clinging to mystical and idealistic mechanisms of explanation. Starting with certain conjectures which in themselves are questionable, an elaborate structure of speculation is built upon the quicksands of analogy.

True enough, Moses might be an Egyptian name, and possibly Moses was an Egyptian, as Freud claims. But an unsubstantial chain of reasoning goes on to develop the idea that the Aton religion of Egypt was practically forced on the Jewish people by their self-chosen leader. The evolutionary nature of monotheism is overlooked. Shaky points are made into established beliefs by Freudian interpretations of individual motivation carried over as explanatory principles for group behavior.

The Great Man theory of history is backed to an extent probably undreamt of by Carlyle: Moses is held to have "created the Jews" and it is to him that they owe much of the hostility with which they have been surrounded ever since biblical times. Naturally enough then, the motives of anti-Semitism are to be found in the remote past, and in that almost unreachable reservoir of suppressed desires, the "unconscious" of the Israelites. Just how impressions of the past are retained by succeeding generations is never revealed to the reader while the scientific findings of psychology and anthropology rejecting such a notion are neglected.

Freud's weakness was that he had a poor conception of general scientific methodology as applied to different fields of investigation. Granted that he directed the searchlight of science onto problems neglected by academicians, yet his total viewpoint is individually rather than socially centered. Essentially he believes there can be no remedy for such blots on civilization as anti-Semitism, because its roots lie in the far-distant past. Moreover, Man's innate nature is held to dictate the kind of world that exists and that *could exist.*

Stemming from such a faulty approach, *Moses and Monotheism* is a prime example of illogical thinking. It does not add to Freud's stature, but emphasizes his many flaws rather than his virtues.

PHILIP A. TAYLOR.

O'Casey's Early Life

I KNOCK AT THE DOOR, *by Sean O'Casey. The Macmillan Co. $2.50.*

THE bitter taste of life as one savors it reading *Juno and the Paycock, The Plough and the Stars,* and *The Silver Tassie* is explained by this story of the childhood of little Johnny Casside of the Dublin slums who grew up to be Sean O'Casey of the Irish Citizens Army and the Abbey Theater. If he has mercilessly exposed the life of the Dublin tenements as a hideous thing, it is because its ugliness was all he knew in those tender years when life, if ever, should include sunshine and gayety and freedom from care. If this same Sean O'Casey has been a stormy

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petrel, never waiting a second invitation to a quarrel, it is because little Johnny Casside had to fight his way through childhood under cruel handicaps—diseased eyes, causing physical agony which all could understand though few cared, and a sensitive nature which no one even understood.

The grim honesty of O'Casey's art can be the better appreciated in the light of this story of a childhood passed in an environment where life is pretty well stripped to essentials. In the Casside family, well-being meant somehow miraculously stretching the pennies to buy enough bread and tea for the week. Ambition meant securing a laborer's job, and the escape from ambition was to "take the Saxon shillin'," to enlist in the British Army. Romance—for Johnny's sister—was grimly to rush into marriage with the handsome infantryman before his fancy might turn elsewhere. Recreation was a round of music hall songs over a pint of porter in the tiny kitchen. But there was religion—yes, and that was the most horrible of all. Religion meant that little Protestant Johnny scorned and feared the little Catholic boys and that they in turn despised and persecuted little Protestant Johnny. Religion above all meant the Reverend Mr. Hunter who made pious and docile Mrs. Casside send little Johnny through the rain to school though the doctors said he must stay at home with bandaged eyes, but the country must be saved from Popery; and religion meant the sadistic schoolmaster whose edged ruler struck through the dark like the sting of a serpent when Johnny's agonized eyes closed for a moment in a dream of green fields and blue skies. The man and artist who somehow grew up from the harried body and soul of little Johnny has not been noted for any very great reverence for religion.

This book takes leave of Johnny at about the age of ten, when his eyes are at last mending and he knows that he will survive and will yet taste life. It is the terrifically moving first installment of what, as developed in later volumes, should be one of the most notable of modern autobiographies. Written in large part in the dialect of the Dublin slummies, it makes racy, flavorful, exciting reading.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Men Without Jobs

WASTED MANPOWER: THE CHALLENGE OF UNEMPLOYMENT, *by Corrington Gill. W. W. Norton & Co. $2.75.*

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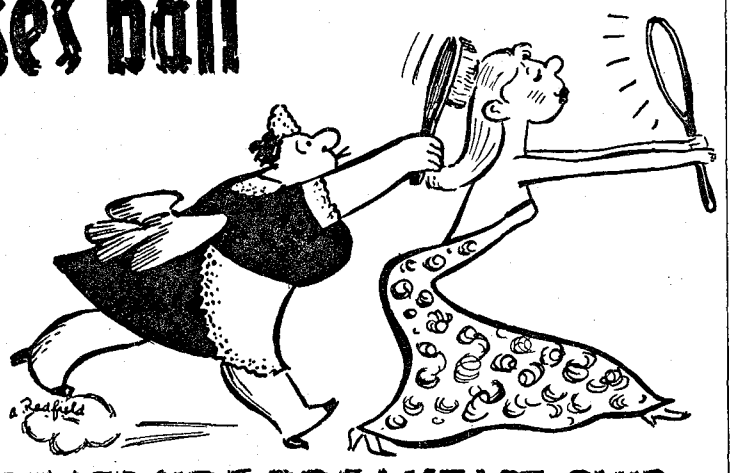

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millions of our population, as well as better food and living conditions."

Mr. Gill is not deluded by the wishful thinkers who claim that a siege of prosperity will give everyone jobs. He pleads ardently for the extension of public works and for more substantial relief. He calls for wider investment to increase productive capacity although that call remains unheeded for reasons not completely clear to him. Useful for its facts, Mr. Gill's book studiously evades the collateral politics. Mr. Woodrum had the figures and charts, as did several hundred other congressmen. Yet the beatings they gave relief measures, especially at the last session, are as pertinent information as tables of statistics. Nor is a book on recent unemployment finished without a summary discussion of the Workers Alliance and its struggles as well as those carried through by the trade unions. Mr. Gill could have also been more painstaking in his resume of the "problem" in the Soviet Union. The stubborn fact is that no involuntary unemployment exists there and he would have done well to discover why.

JOHN STUART.

The New Mexico

MEXICO REBORN, *by Verna Carleton Millan. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.*

MRS. MILLAN'S book is not of the Pyramids and Sarapes school, nor is it the mudpie baked by a Frank Kluckhohn for the epicures of Standard Oil and Royal Dutch Shell. It is a sort of limited "Personal History" written out of six years of life in Mexico as the wife of a Mexican doctor active in government circles. Making no pretense to impartiality, Mrs. Millan tells the story of the Mexico of Cardenas from the point of view of his people—the workers and peasants and soldiers who "have seen their country take on form and coherence, consciousness and direction, in spite of everything." That "everything" the author does not overlook. The bureaucracy, the apathy, the servility, the sabotage, the greed are all there, but against them and above them are the courage and discipline and solidarity that are making Mexico's great social ventures succeed.

Using personal anecdote, biographical sketch, and social documentation Mrs. Millan swiftly builds up composites of Mexico's problems in education, health, agriculture, labor organization, oil expropriation, feminism, art, fascist penetration, and the 1940 Presidential campaign. Underlying these is the basic issue: will Mexico win and maintain national sovereignty over her productive forces, liberating her people from the domination of foreign imperialisms? The newspaper reader needs a guide to help him follow the twists and turns that the policies of labor and finance are making today under the pressures of the second imperialist war. A vivid and honest book, *Mexico Reborn* will help you understand the progress of their conflicts.

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Starring Bacillary Dysentery

The work of the WPA film unit . . . The new Hitchcock film disappoints . . . "I Met a Murderer," an English surprise.

WHAT Norma Shearer couldn't do to me in *The Women* has been effected by a strange villain called Bacillary Dysentery, who is featured in a gripping new movie named *From Hand to Mouth*, produced by the WPA film unit. Bacillary is one of the thousands of everyday actors who never get into Hollywood films—an unpleasant ailment of the rectal tract caused by slums, bad sanitation, filthy handling of food, or germ-laden water.

When Leo Seltzer and Elaine Basil, the producer - director - scriptwriter - cameraman-editor team of the WPA film unit, were given the story of Bacillary Dysentery, the doctor who suggested the story handed them a medical treatise on the subject. Now medical treatises are doubtful entertainment for the layman and as movie scripts they are beyond the pale. The producers went to work on the *causes* of the disease, and from this they made their picture. Working around Manhattan with a small hand camera they found the causes—huge sewer pipes spilling into the Hudson and East Rivers while Dead End kids dive unconcernedly a few yards away. They found open markets where flies swarm on a grapefruit that has been handled by a dozen people before it is purchased; their camera pans steadily around tenement hallways, in roach-ridden kitchens; in filthy Coffee Pots where city dwellers eat their assembly-line meals.

Then, in the Bronx General Hospital, the treatment of dysentery from the laboratory to the isolation ward is shown; and finally the ways to remove the cause. Open markets can be cleaned up and housed in sanitary surroundings, such as the LaGuardia administration has provided in New York. Sewage can be piped off to refineries, rather than dumped into the rivers; cooking, even in the slums, can be safeguarded; and watersheds can be regulated against contagion. Yet the pursuit of a disease such as this leads logically to the underlying nature of the society that makes it possible.

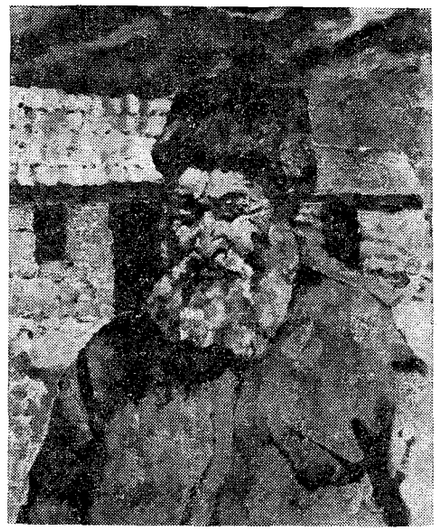
The tale is told with great filmic skill, despite the fact that equipment was primitive and the budget ridiculously low. The government pays labor costs on such productions, and provides the sparse equipment. A system of sponsorship, similar to the publication arrangement for federal writers, prevents the WPA film workers from actually making a film until they can find a sponsor who will take care of all costs above labor. In this case the Bronx General Hospital served.

Any public institution can make similar arrangements to utilize the eloquence of the screen to dramatize its program. Yet the annual budgets of such institutions rarely contain film allotments. With such thorough and ingenuous movie makers as Mr. Seltzer and Miss Basil at their disposal, many more groups should use the film. The team has done a previous picture on the making of a fresco, under the sponsorship of a group of museums. Production is now underway on a sound film for the Civil Service Commission of New York City.

The WPA movie unit was shot to pieces by Congress; only a handful of people remain. That the survivors could go ahead and make such a fine picture as *From Hand to Mouth* will give you a faint idea of some of the lousy characters the American people have representing them in Congress. Hitler burned the books but the scabs in Congress are preparing to see that they aren't even printed.

HITCHCOCK DUBS ONE

Like everyone else I've been curious to see Alfred Hitchcock abandon his spy formula. Beg to report *Jamaica Inn* is a misadventure. Daphne du Maurier's novel was one of those goblin stories that constitute the sub-literature of the suburbs, a tale of a shipwrecking gang on the Cornish coast in the early nineteenth century. This means that the material is as preposterous as Hitchcock could wish, but the master doesn't have any heart for the tale; consequently his vivid detail and his humor are lost. In addition to story trouble he has star trouble in the person of Charles Laughton in a pompous masquerade. Hitchcock's actors should be zombies rather than Frankensteins. Mr. Laughton wears padding, a putty nose, and a pair of false eyebrows. The odd position of the eyebrows high on the middle of the forehead contributes one of the major suspenses of the picture. One waits with trepidation for him to gore the heroine with them. Mr. Laughton is of the school of actors who have learned in front of a mirror; he makes his role fit his effects—the snorting, sashaying around, making faces, spitting, and reading his lines with crazy accents. Where character acting is measured by the amount of putty and false hair, and the quaintness of the technique, Mr. Laughton is the paragon. He makes me uncomfortable.



JEWISH PEASANT. *An oil by Frank Horowitz, included in his exhibition of paintings and water-colors on view at the Jewish Club in New York City until October 24.*

Hitchcock also has set trouble. Vast outdoor scenes have been built on the sound stage—the brooding heath, the rambling inn, the rocky seacoast, even a quayside. The settings have been executed in the manner of the late Arthur Rackham. It is hard to surrender your imagination to obviously painted skies, a wild shipwreck in a tank, and coaches rambling over studio grass. Too much illusion breeds disillusion.

Leslie Banks in his first character role as the leader of the wreckers is excellent, as is Emlyn Williams in a minor villain part. Maureen O'Hara, a newcomer, is mighty pretty and equally far from being an actress. Hitchcock has done well with his bit characters but his main effect never jells. The director is in Hollywood at present making another popular novel, *Rebecca*. I hope he throws the story out the window and thinks up one of his own.

ON THE OTHER HAND

The falseness of *Jamaica Inn* is avoided in *I Met a Murderer* by the simple expedient of shooting the whole picture without a set. The film is the work of an independent English company, consisting of a half-dozen people who wrote, photographed, directed, and acted the thing themselves at a cost of what must have been less than $50,000. This would just about cover a short in the monopoly studios. *I Met a Murderer* is a simple, direct tale of a young farmer who kills his nagging wife and then begins to run. The chase leads him hundreds of miles through the English countryside, which is photographed splendidly. Finally he is tracked down and killed. The story is reminiscent of Hitchcock's favorite chase theme. When more producers in America have the uncommon sense to make movies in the actual settings of this great and varied country, instead of reproducing locales on the lot or projecting stock shots on the process screen, then we will have something worth

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talking about. The only people who have done this to any serious extent are the documentary film makers. Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men* is being made by Lewis Milestone on a California ranch, and Frontier Films is busy with its vitally important feature on civil liberties also on location.

If Hollywood, beset by the loss of foreign revenue, wants to economize without pink slips, here is the way to do it.

JAMES DUGAN.

Fun Underground

The Vanguard's calypso show, "The Duke of Iron."

Now that the Village Vanguard has lost its brilliant Revuers to Mr. Rockefeller's brooding pile, an eminently fair replacement has been made in a new show built around West Indian calypso music. Calypsonians, typified by the jongleur in the Vanguard show *The Duke of Iron,* are the brawling topical singers of Trinidad, whose improvisations on love, politics, parliamentary matters, theology, and real estate advertising have considerably shaded the press as public intelligence in His Majesty's western isles. *The Duke of Iron,* with Gerald Clark's Caribbean Serenaders, serves up calypso classics like "Roosevelt in Trinidad" and the story of Mistress Wally and the Juke.

Bill Matons, the dancer, has invented some gaudy choreography to embellish the music. With Ailes Gilmour and a small troupe, Matons delivers a rousing spectacle in the calypso spirit. The confines of the Vanguard are modest so that one gets his Scotch-and-soda only after feats of bravery by the waiters, who must speedily pick their way through the middle of the romp. One of these intrepid fellows is said to have had an offer from the Ballet Russe after a month at the Vanguard. He will be wise to decline it in view of the healthy business being done in the place.

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Sidney Howard's play, "They Knew What They Wanted."

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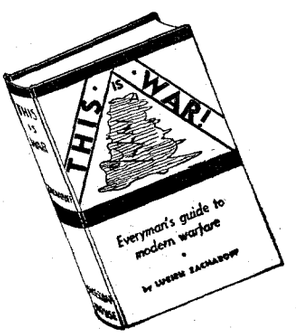

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a brilliant trio of protagonists—Richard Bennett, Pauline Lord, and Glenn Anders—the original production provided more than one electric moment on the stage.

Seen once again, at this remove, in the revival at the Empire (N. Y.), some of the juice seems to have gone out of the work. Perhaps the world has moved too fast for Tony, the good and natural man who had made money out of Prohibition and got him a fat young mail-order wife from San Francisco. More likely the thinness of the conception has been emphasized by the wooden execution given it by Mr. Sillman's players. June Walker, Giuseppe Sterni, and Douglass Montgomery have not recaptured any of the excitement of the original production.

A. B.

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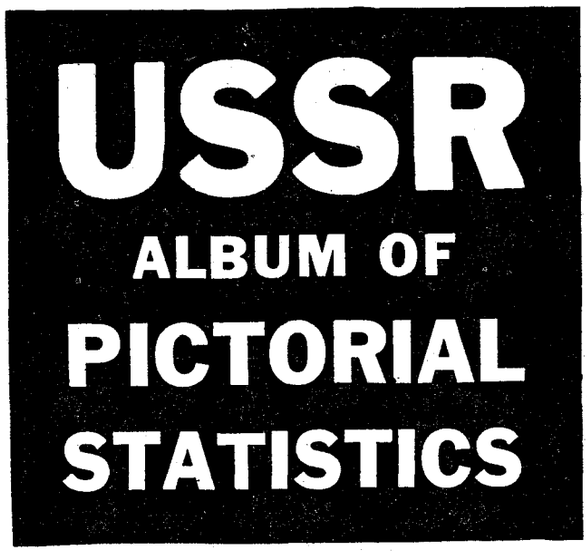

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